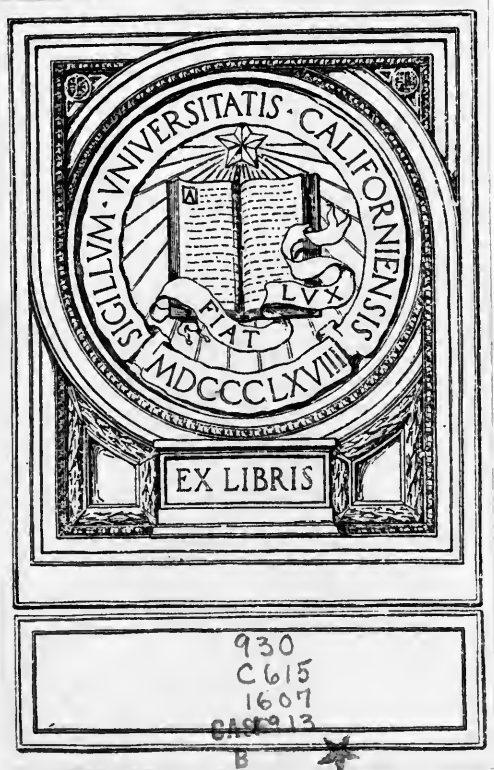


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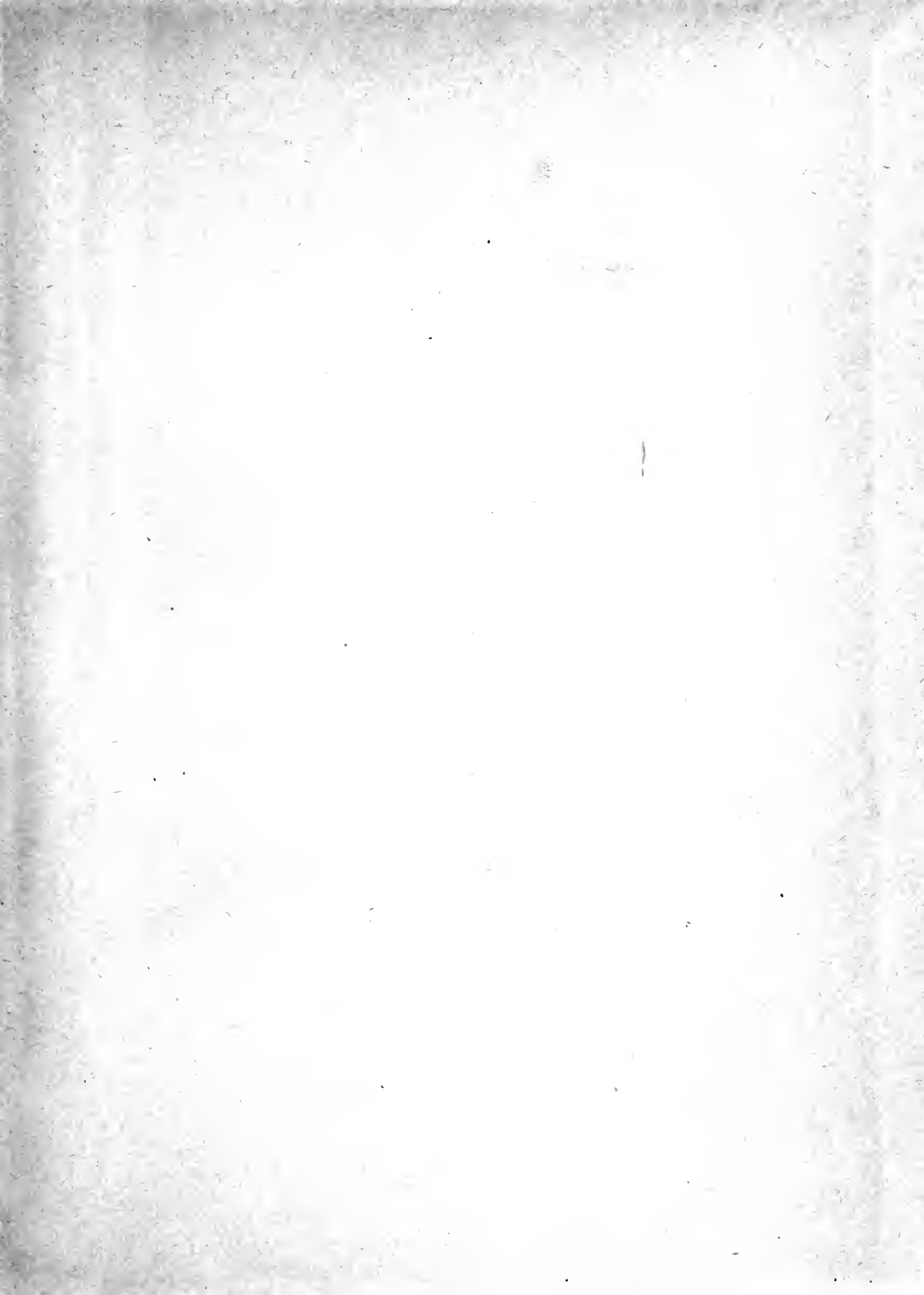
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Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

Date of earliest known edition 1607

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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JOHN S. FARMER

Claudius Tiberius Nero

11

1607



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Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

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JOHN S. FARMER.





THE
Tragedie of Clau-

dius Tiberius Nero, *Romes*
greatest Tyrant.

Truly represented out of the purest Records
of those times.

Et Studio, et Labore.



Anonymous

L O N D O N

Printed for Francis Burton, dwelling in Paules
Church-yard at the signe of the Flower-de-luce
and Crowne. 1607



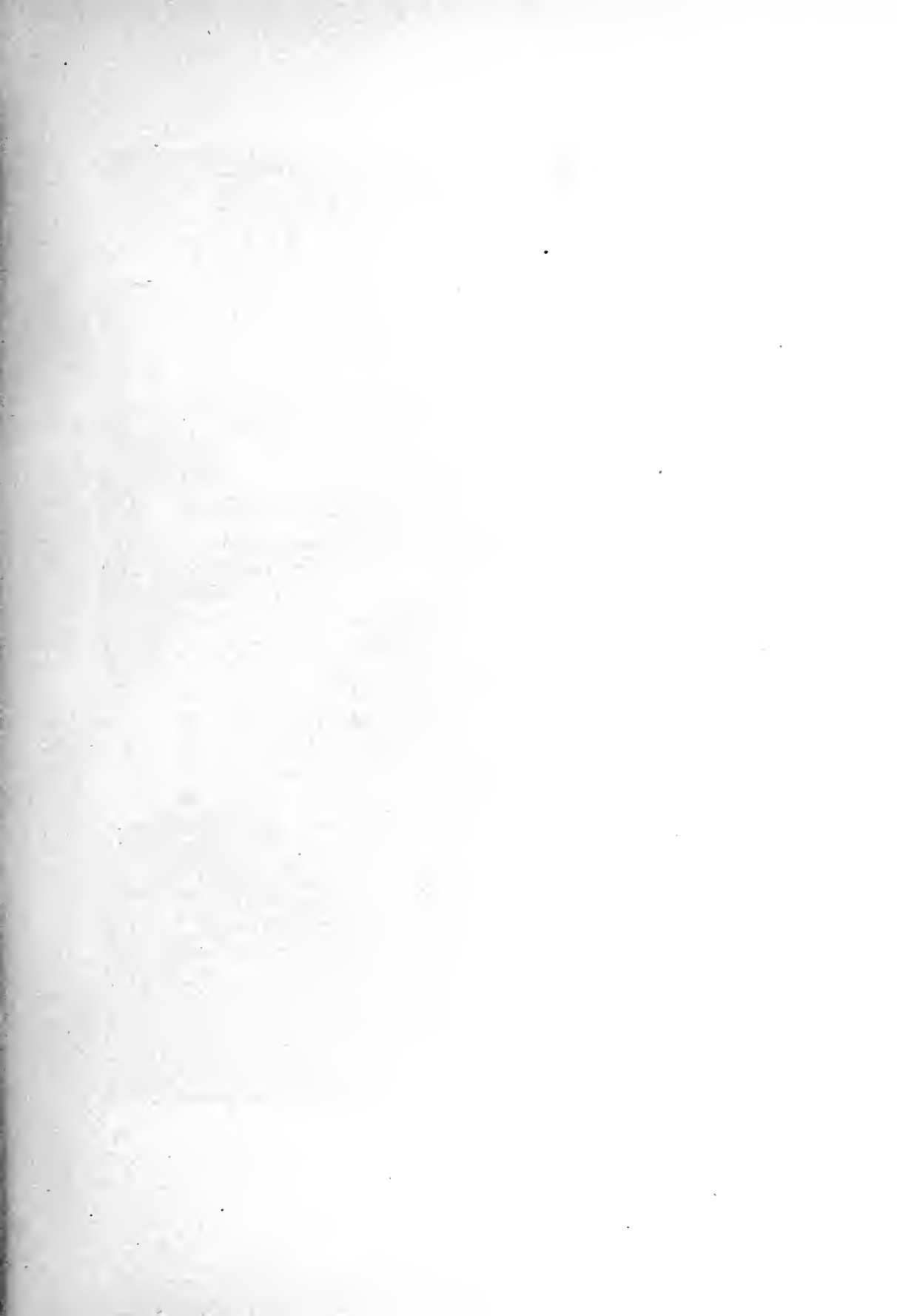
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LONDON ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA





To the Right Worshipfull Sir Arthur Man-
nering Knight, (Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George
Mannering of Eithfield in the Countie of Salop) Car-
uer vnto Prince Henry his
Grace.



IF Custome (Right worshipfull) had so greate a Prero-
gatiue, as that nothing crossing it, were at all allow-
able, then might I in the feare reprehension for this
my Dedication, hauing (to my knowledge) but a singu-
lar President heerein; and the reason wherefore so
many Plaies haue formerly bene published without Inscriptions vnto
particular Patrons (contrary to Custome in diuulging other Bookes)
although perhaps I could nerely guesse yet because I would willingly of-
fend none, I will now conceale. This young Scholler, as his proportion is
comelye, so are his garments graue, his language faire, and by his speech
it should seeme that his Father was an Academician: his tongue is tipt
with Eloquence, and his face is lovely: he tels strange (but true) stories:
he is meruailous wittie, and notwithstanding his Orphant-age (for ey-
ther hee hath lost his Father, or his Father hath lost him) yet it should
seeme that he hath read much, for he is well seene in Antiquities, but
most especially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our best approued Histo-
rian, which cannot chuse but acquire him some fauour. I will say no
more in his commendation let his own good parts praise him, but in re-
gard he is fatherles, your Worship (I thinke) may doe a deede of Chari-
tie to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father may once be thank-
ful vnto you for such kindnes. In the meane space, as I my selfe am
partly by duetie already bound vnto your Worship, so my
loue shal make up that which in duetie is wanting,
and heereafter I will remaine your
Worships deuoted.



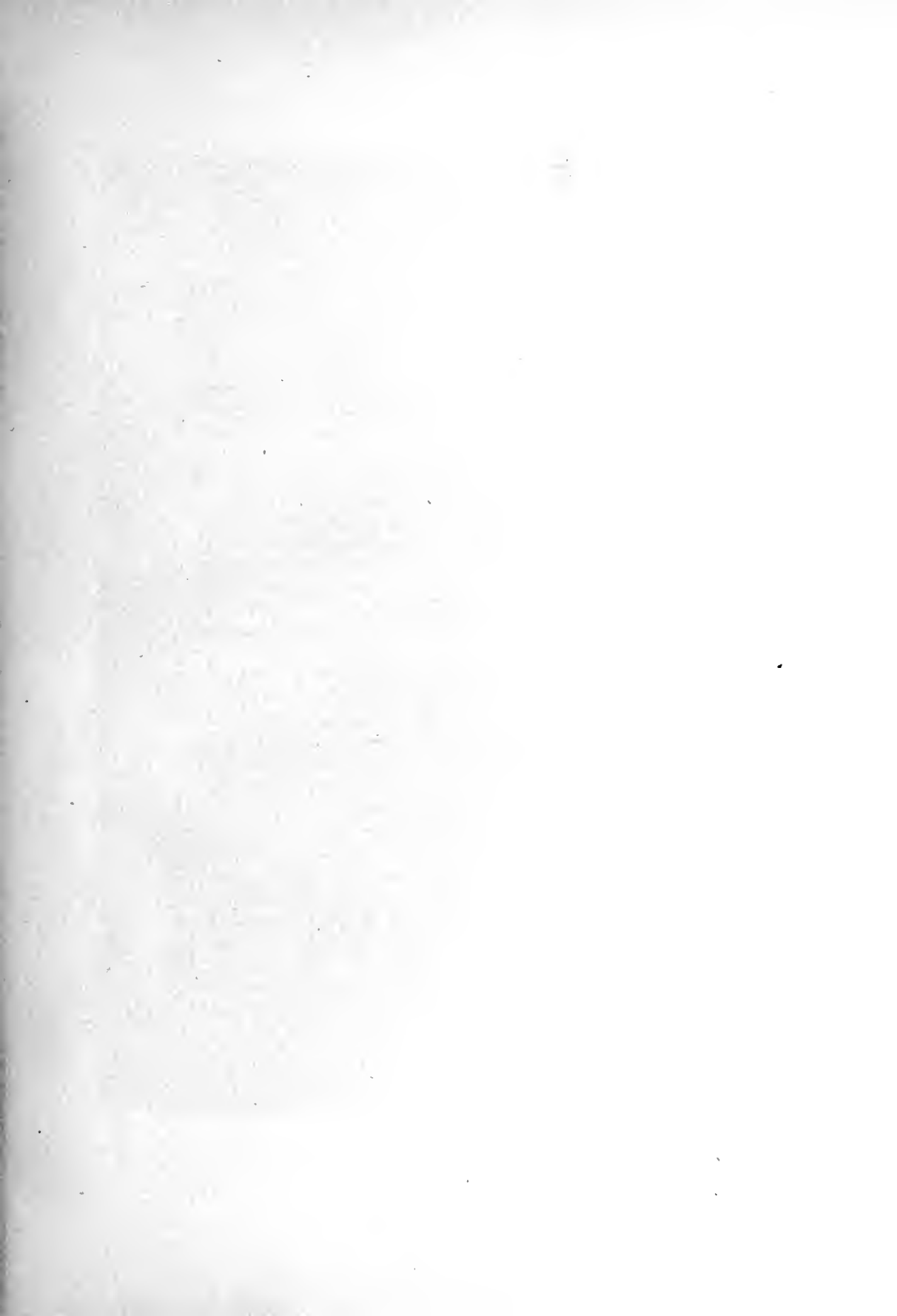
Ad Lectores.

*In stead of Prologue to my Play,
Obserue this one thing I shall say.*

I vse no Sceane suppos'd as many doe,
But make the Truth my Sceane, and Actors too.

For

Of Romes great Tyrant I the storie tell,
And what vnto that State in Neroes Raigne befel





The Tragickall life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter mourners to the funerall: first Cocceius Nerva, with
other Flamini; next, the hearse of Augustus: then Ti-
berius, with Iulia on his right hand: then Drusus Ti-
berius, and Livia: Then Agripina alone: next, her three
sonnes, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: next two Consuls,
Asinius Gallus, and Titius Sabinus, with other Sena-
tors. They passe ouer the stage and goe in: then sound
to the Coronation: and enter first two Consuls; then Ti-
berius Nero, Nerva with the crowne Emperiall: then
Asinius, Sabinus, and Scianus, Senators: then Dru-
sus Tiberius, Drusus, Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius
Nero ascendeth.*

Tib. **V**ictorious Consuls, and graue Senators,
My noble kinsmen and deere Countreimē,
Deare friends to deare Augustus happinesse:
Happie to haue such friends, and Countreimen:
Could I but shadow out in maske of words,
The sorrowing language of my groaning soule,
Or with a streame of teares alay the flame,
Wherewith my heart doth like an Ætna burne,
Yea Gods I call to witnesse of my thoughts, (words:
My tongue should speake, and speake in weeping
Mine eyes should well out words, & speak in teares,
Wordes in my weeping, weeping in my words,
To sympathize my deare affection,
But since, ————— *He feigneth to frownde.*
Scia. What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble
Neru. See how the inundation of his grief (grace?
Doth

The Tragicall life and death

Doth stop the fountaine of his vtterance.

Asin. So true a griefe exprest with such true loue,
Would make a man to be in loue with griefe.

Dru. Tib. My Lord and father, what deepe passion
Your deep-engrauen sorrowes hath surpriz'd?

Tib. Ah Drusus, Drusus, the late memorie,
Of great Augustus honorable deedes,
Compared with this new priuation,
Doth riuē my heart twixt contrarities.

Now would my tongue remember his faire deedes;
But then my heart swels with remembrance.

Sweet Drusus, thou whose young experience,
Hath not such deepe impression of these woes,
Our honorable buryall rights vnfold,
As moſte befits these ſolomne Exequies.

Dru. Tib. My Lord my duetic bindes me to obey,
Against my reason, and my budding yeares,
Yet for to checke my yeares, my reason ſaies,
My duetic muſt be reason to my yeares.
Therefore great States of this ſad Parliament,
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,
Vouchſate to waſh your ſiluer haireſ more white,
With flowing teares of true compaſſion.

Augustus Caesar, high Octavianus,
The true ſucceſſor of great Iulius,
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raies
Surpaſt the glorie of yong Phaeton:

Now in the darke eclipsing of his daies,
Lies lower then Apolloes breathleſſe Sonne.

Oftē hath Rome ſcene mans fragillitie,
But nere before the Gods mortallitie.
He pleade his Iuſtice, loe his mercie ſhines:

He call him mercifull, yet iuſt win hall:

In mercy iuſt, in Iuſtice mercifull:

He pleade his honour, then his meekenes calls,
He praiſe his meekenes, yet in honours robes:



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

In honour meeke, in meekenes honourable,
He plead his wisdom, but his wit me checks,
He praise his wit, yet linckt in wisdomes chaine,
In wittie wisdom, and in wisdom wit.
He plead his beautie, but his strength bids stay,
He praise his strength but in a beaution mansion,
Beauteous in valour, and in beautie strong:
So if ye reake not mans fragilitie,
Yet weepe to see the Gods mortalitie.

Con. 1. No more sweet *Drusus* into pleasing teares,
A storie to displeasing thou relat'st.

Con. 2. Good *Drusus*, adde not water to the sea,
To make our sea of sorrowes overflow.

Nero. In vaine, in vaine, these puling signes of
griefe,

Effeminate waywardnes, inconstant mindes,
Vassalles to fortune, slaues to natures course;

Augustus dead, and so must all mendie,
So worke the sisters of necessitie.

No person humane can eternall be,
But in succellion hath eternitie.

Since then the 'ternall providence of heauen,
Hath ratified *Augustus* Deitie,

We must prouide for his poore Widdow left,
Left to our patronage (the Common-wealth)

And you my Lord *Tiberius* the true heire
Of great *Augustus* by adoption,

With loyall homage and true fealtie,
We doe create our gracious Emperour.

Tiber. And must my silence breake or heart
In the accepting of a double yoake? (disolue

Not so *Cocceius* tis impossible

Poore soule for me or for my modestie.

To sway th' imperiall Scepter of the world,

That of this world am not my Emperour,

One onely *Phoenix* in *Arabia*;

B

Presents

The Tragicall life and death

Presents a sacrifice to heavens eye,
One onely *Atila* by his providence
The glittering stars of heaven can support.
One onely, one *Augustus*, onely he
Our Romane *Phoenix* fit for Emperie,
Who is no, no, I know not what you meane,
An Emperour must wake, I drowlie am:
An Emperour must be valiant, I am old:
He must be iust, I may be over-rul'd:
Sole Monarch must he be, my mother liues:
And must, and shall be honoured while she liues.
An Emperour must be able to endure,
In warre the winters frosts, and summers heate,
I feele a pallsie rooted in my bones,
He must haue honie-dropping eloquence:
I for my part nere playd the Orator.
By this my Tribunes power well I know,
How many doubtfull cares he must endure
That taketh care to be an Emperour.
An Empire (Gods forsend) a goodly bait,
To fish for witlesse high aspiring fooles.
Humilitie perswades me to auoyde
A droppe of honie in a flood of Gall.
Lords trouble not my resolution,
I dare nor, can not, will not take the crowne.
Scia. By Ioue most gallantly dissembled: *Aside.*
Alas my Lord let tribute of our teares;
Plead for the orphant of our countrys state.
We know ———

Ti. What do ye know? I know wel what ye know
Youle say the state is dolefull: so am I.
The state is now an orphant, so am I,
The state hath lost his head, and so haue I
My deare *Augustus*. *He saimeth weeping.*

Sab. Why weepes *Tiberius* and will not cease?
And will not cease the weeping of the state?

Tib. Yes



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Yes, yes, *Sabinus*, I will help my part,
There is Germanicus the hope of Roome,
Nero and *Drusus*, and *Caligula*.

These gallant blossomes of the goodly stemme,
Cocceius, *Titus*, and *Asinius*,

The spotlesse records of antiquitie,
These are fit actors for our empires stage,

I for my part will act some little part,
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,

And you my Lords share in equaltie,
The glorious Sceanes of Roomes faire Emperie.

Asi. Why then my Lord *Tiberius*, choose you a part
The fruitfull *Sicily* or gold of Spaine,

The Arabian spices, or the Indian pearles,
The English wels, or Vines of Italie:

The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,
Either *Egyptian* Isis, or Roomes Ioue,

Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troynouant,
Large Citties, fertile soile, and gracious Gods,

If these, or any other may content,
Within the Circuit of our Empire,

My Lord, choose out your part, and leaue the rest
To be assign'd at our discretion. *Scianus aside.*

O for a shift, now Lyon rouse thy selfe,
Or else for euer loose thy Lyons head.

Tib. May I *Asinius* choose? then this I choose,
To take no charge, for all I know is care,

Sicilians mutinus and Spaniards proud,
Arabians simple fooles, and Indeans droyles,

Britons too rude, Italians too too wise,
Disloyall Serians, superstitious Iewes,

Isis too far, and Ioue is plac'd to neare,
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troynouant,

All godly Citties, but all dangerous,
By Ioue my hate hee deadly shall obtaine,

That bids me but to take a part againe.

The Tragicall life and death

Assi. Not for my Lord, you did misconster me,
I did not meane to make deuision
In the vnited Vnion of the Realme:
I did not meane to separate the Sunne,
To runne by peece-meale in the Zodiacke:
Nor dreame of multiplicite of foules,
Which one continued essence animates,
The heauens cannot mooue without a Sunne:
Nor can the heauens haue more Sunnes then one.

Tiber. *Assinius* I perceiue I did you wrong,
So to inrerpret your oration,
I am sorry, (troth I am) and if I liue
Ile recompence your mightie iniuries.

Neru. Will not *Tiberius* then accept the Crowne?

Tiber. Why should *Tiberius* libertie be ceased?

Neru. No, Princes haue the rule of libertie.

Tiber. If libertie in greatnesse did relie.

Neru. My Lord, my Lord, it is no time to iest,
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antithesis,
Emperour or no Emperour, will you the Crowne or
Nero, speake plaine, it is high time to knowe. (no?)

Tib. Take heed my Lords, be warie in your choise,

Least after stormes controle your rash attempt,

You are to choose, but once consider well

After, all Subiectes to your Emperour.

If you constraine me to this doubtfull taske,

And I (as God forbid) should change my minde,

Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage,

My snow white conscience to a Scarlet dye,

Would not the Nations of the lesser world

That are not subiect to our Emperie,

Deride your lunaticke election,

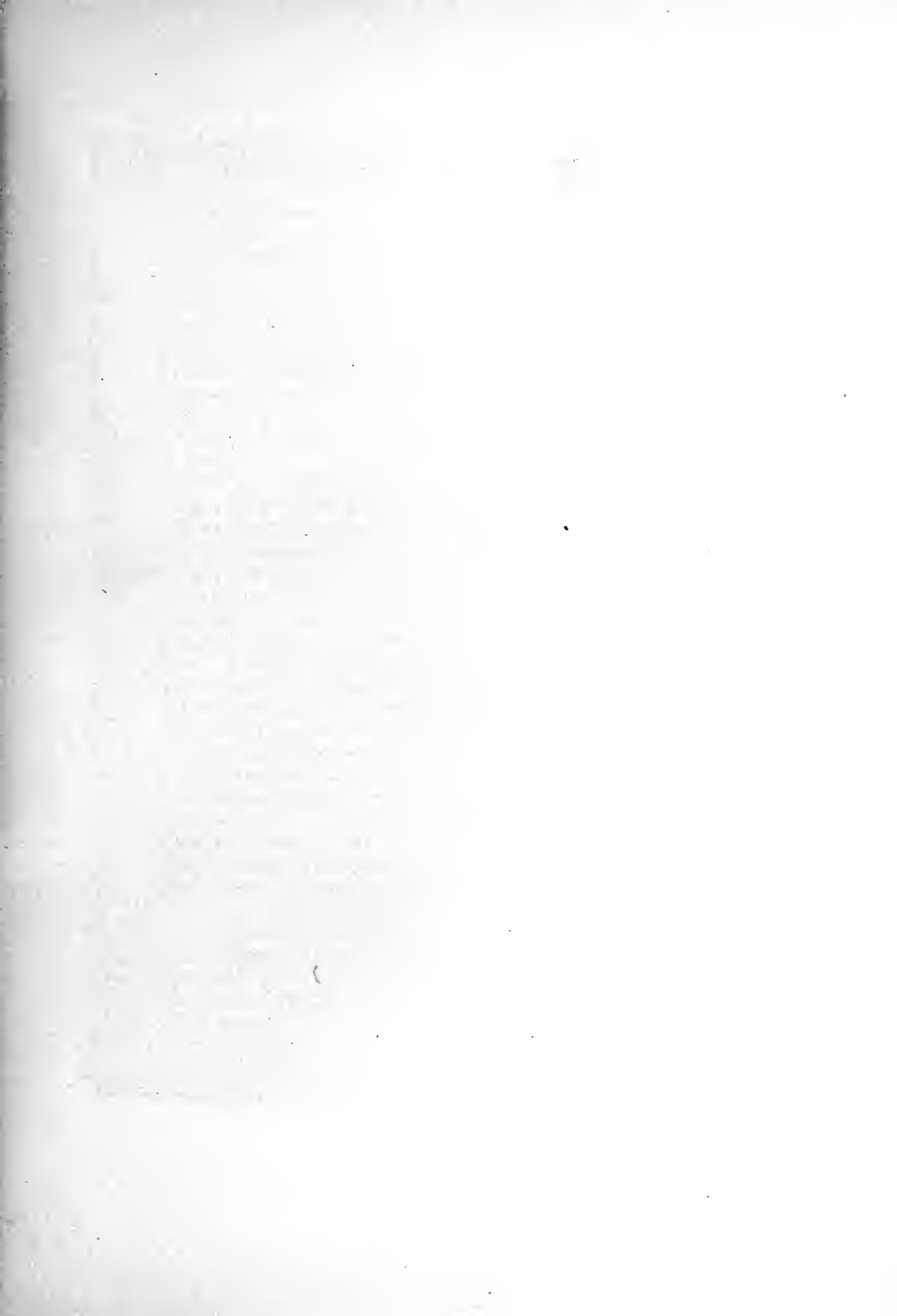
And if ye should but thinke amisse of me,

Would they not laugh at your inconstancie?

Take heede, take heede, in vaine ye will repent,

Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not preuent.

Sabin. My



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Sabin. My Lord, how long shall we wright in the
Or plough the ayre with vaine delusions? (sands,
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarse,
And all in vaine we bend our suplyant knees,
Vassaile our idle thoughts of reuerence,
Subdue our mounting fancies to your loue,
And will not all this mooue *Tiberius*? (quest.

Ne. Ger. Good Grandfire graunt the Senatours re-

Dru. Ger. Grandfire, they speake in earnest, take
the Crowne.

Calig. Ger. Grandfire accept this golde, looke how
it shines!

My thinkes it would become you passing fine.

Tiber. Deare Children, (old *Tiberius* eldest care)

My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,
That heauenly Comfort turned to mine eares,
Thanks my kinde kins-men, noble Romaines thaks
Euen from my heart, although my cares increase,
Constrain'd, yet gratefull for your kinde constraint,
Bound to receiue that which my soule abhors,
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my modestie.

Yet were my cares in number infinite,
(For who can number all his cares hath none)
Should they showre downe in droppes of streaming
Muste in troups of languishing dispaire, (blood
Swarine like to Bees, sting like to Scorpions;
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart.
Yet these and more, and twice ten thousand more,
Old *Nero* will for Countries cause indure,
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

Sound Trumpets, Nero crowneth him.

Ner. Most mightie *Caesar*, great *Tiberius*,
Euer *Augustus* Tribune of the State,
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,

R ?

Sole

The Tragical life and death

Sole Consull for our conquered Provinces,
Prince of the Senate in our policies,
Wee heere inuest your sacred Majestie,
In all the Ornaments imperiall,
Roomes and the worlds most glorious Emperour.

Omnes. Long liue *Tiberius* Roomes great Emperor.

Tiber. Like as an hartles fawne, enuironed
Within the circuit of the hunters crie,
So stand I Romaines wondring at your showtes,
These new alarum's quel my slumbring thoughts,
Chast to the Bay, I breathelesse panting muse,
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.
Neuer could *Sparta* glorie of such pray,
As for to haue an Emperour at bay.

But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,
A gallant Roebucke, braue *Germanicus*:
Roomes shining Beacon in rude Germany,
Our deare adopted Sonne, our blessed care,
To him my Lords (as zeale of my affection)
And signe of duetie to the common state,
We doe prorogue eight yeares proconsulship,
On you *Asinius* we doe impose,
To be our Legate to *Germanicus*.

Tell him we loue him, (and be sure you doe)
Tell him we honour him (doe not forget)
We loue and honour deare *Germanicus*,
And would be ioyfull to beholde our Sonne,
Honoured in triumph at the Capitall.
But that we knowe the honour of his minde,
Disdaines to crop the blossomes of his fame,
Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,
And all the barbarous *Germanes* be subdu'd.
This doe *Asinius* and returne with loue,
In our new glorie, we thy honour prone.

Asin. My Lord, what ere *Asinius* honour proueth
His expedition shall declare he loueth.

Tib. Now

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Tiber. Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice,
Saluting all the Gods in visitation :
Let *Lebisternia* three daies be proclaimed,
The *Sibbels* counsels and *Flaminies*,
Ianus shut vp, and *Vestaes* fire blaze,
Into the middle region of the ayre,
Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitall,
In filuer scale, our records to enrole. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Plebeians, foure speakers.

1 Did you not see our new Emperour how brauely
he came from his Corronation.

2 Yes, twa's a gallat fight sure, but did you mark his
countenance? my thought tis mightily altred within
this fivie or six quarters of a yere since I saw him last:

3 I, and I saw him goe to the Senate, and as you
say, my thinks hee is much altered, and lookes more
terrible a great deale.

2 I that same lookes I promise is an il signe, pray
God all be well.

4 Well, wee must hope the best, and thinke tis a
great change from a subiect to become a sufficient,
for simple as I stand heere, if I should chaunce to be
chosen Emperour, I should assault my selfe highly I
can tell you, or any of vs all.

3 *Augustus* was a goodly man, and I hope hee has
left such a gracious sample, that *Tiberius* wil not for-
get himselfe.

1 Neuer talke of *Augustus* more, we shal neuer see
his like in Rome, vnlesse *Germanicus* might bee our
Emperour.

Om. O worthy *Germanicus*! hee's a flower indeed.

1 My maisters, let talk no more of these State-mat-
ters, for I am afraid we haue said too much already, if
the Emperour should know of it.

2 You haue said wisely neighbour, for Emperours see
& heare all that they desire, I haue heard my father
tel my mother so, they haue millions a Spirits that
tels them all.

3 I care

The Tragicall life and death.

3 I care not, I saide nothing, but praide God hee
might be no worse thē *Augustus*, that was no harme:

4 Well, let vs part vpon this that hath been said,
and lets keepe one anothers counsels, and take heed
heereafter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Germanicus with Centurion Soldiers.

Ger. Well followed Tribunes, gallant Gentlemē,
Thus are these hearts chac'd to their lurking dens,
That brayed like Asses in their Lyons skinne.
Worthy Centurion, thou whose might did breake
The triple ranges of our dangerous foes,
Whose well wayed buckler tooke so many darts,
As seem'd to cloud the sunne with multitudes:
Accept the honour of a Gentleman,
Crown'd with the triumph of victorious spoyles,
This Crowne thus pleated of the verdant grasle,
Thy high vplifted head shall more adorne,
Then all the honour of proud Germany.

Centu. Noble *Germanicus* a Romaine heart,
Hath by inheritance a mounting spirit,
Did not great *Coriolanus* so aduaunce,
The mellow fruite of his old withered stocke?
Did not three hundeth *Fabij* all at once,
In one day breath, war, vanquish, fight and dye,
All to maintaine the honour of their name?
So did *Marinus* in *Namidia*,
And happie *Scylla* vnder *Scipio*.
With what alacritie did *Scenola*,
Encounter *Perseus* torture, death and fire,
All to maintaine the honour of their name,
And should not I hazard this blaze of life,
This rising bubble, this imprisoned soule,
This changing matter, this inconstant ast,
For Countrie, friends, and honour of my name?

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, heere is a Legate sent from Rome,
Which craues accesse vnto your Majestic.

Ger. Let him draw neare: Cosen *Affinius*!

Enter Affinius.

Welcome my noble friend to *Germanie*,

Afin. All happinelle vnto *Germanicus*,
I haue a secret message to impart,
If please your Grace of priuate patience.

Ger. Tribunes looke to the 4. gates of the Campe
See that the trenches bee inchaneld deepe;
Send out our scouts, if they can spie the Foe,
Number their Cohorts and their Legions:
Comfort the maimed, burie all the dead,
Refresh your bodies: for to morrow morne
We meane to scoure this vanquisht region:
away——

Exeunt.

Now good *Affinius*, tell *Germanicus*

The substance that your message doth import.

Afin. Were I not now to speake vnto your Grace
My tongue should play the Rethoritian,
And in graue precepts strue to moralize,
Or make a long discourse of patience,
Adding a crooked sign'd Parenthesis,
Of puling sorro. v. twixt each siped line.
But for *Affinius*, knowes your settled minde
So nurst in flowing streames of constancie,
Afinus doth reporte *Augustus* death,
I will not common place of mortall men,
Nor of his vertue, nor his Noblenesse,
Nor *Solons* graue aduise shall be my Theame:
I know I speake vnto *Germanicus*,
Besides, *Tiberius* is our Emperour.
He saith he loues you, and to shew his loue,
Hath your proconsulship eight yeres prorogu'd.

C

Enter.

The Tragical life and death

Enter Centurian which was crowned.

Cent. Germanicus and graue Asinius,
Awake from counsell, all are in vprore,
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous,
And crie Germanicus our Emperour,
Germanicus our noble Emperour.
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,
Germanicus shall be our Emperour.

Germ. A world of cares at once assault my soule
I am distracted, harke, the mutinies.

They crie within, and exennt omnes.

Enter Tiberius, Iulia, and Seianus.

Tib. Impute it not vnto vngratefulnessse,
(Imperious Augusta of great Rome,
And which doth touch me nearer dearest mother,
That Nero hath deferd indebted thankses,
Equivalent vnto your high, deserts.
I can not (mother) set your praise to sale,
Or Orator it with a glosing tongue,
Graced with picked phrases, glorious speech,
Choice Synonimies, pleasing Epithites,
Paged by apish action, toying gesture,
Mother I hate this tip-tongued flatterie,
Better is me, be as you see me now,
Thankfull in outward deeds, than outward shew,
But forward mother with your former tale.

Iulia. No sooner the vncontrolled fates,
exilde his life, and with his life our care,
But that Seianus from whose faithfull tongue,
(As from Apollos tru-sent Oracles,
We chiefe deriue the drift of our affaires)
Poasted like to the Palphraies of the Sunne,

To

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

To Roades where thou in exile didst remaine,
There to enforme thee of *Augustus* death,
The Empires vacancie, and thy repeale.

Tib. My tongue denies to blazon in harsh words
Deare friends the thankfulness my heart affords.

Julia. Meane while had I not with great policie,
Buried in silence great *Augustus* death,
And in the closet of my care-sworne brest,
Embosomed the notice of the same,
Shewne vnto thee, smothered to vulgar fame,
Bar'd from the base Plebeians itching cares,
A Castrell had possesst thy Eagles nest.
And thou the Eagle hadst beene dispossesst.

Scia. But now that Castrell in his course is stopt,
Clipt are his pinions of ambitious flight:
Nor shall he hope to sit where *Nero* soares.

Tib. Were het he issue of eternall Ioue,
Or farre more fortunate in his successe,
Then was *Alcides*, or faire *Tiberis* sonne,
More happie in the offspring of his loyne
Then *Prism* in his childrens multitude,
Yet would I bridle his aspiring thoughts,
And curbe thereynes of his ambition.

Scia. Wel can he braue it in his barbarous armes,
Against th' oppugning force of Germanie,
And stranger nations of the farthest North,
Whose hearts like to their Climate hard congeald,
Are frozen cold to Romes felicitie.

A crested Burganetto more fits him,
Then to ingirt his Temples with a Crowne.

Tib. Therefore in policie by thine aduise,
Vnder pretext of honourable minde,
We deligated to *Germanicus*,
Asinius Gallus into Germanie,
With twice foure yeares prorogued Consulship.

Julia. Which of necessitie he must accept,

The Tragicall life and death

Sith hope of higher honour is forestald.

Tiber. Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enioy:
This was th' attractive Magnes of his hopes.

Scia. To which how hardly did you seeme allur'd
With such denyall you refused it:

Making a Commentarie on the Crowne,
With out the doctie of an Emperour,
How warie, watchfull, wise he ought to be,
How drowfie, and improuident you were,
With heaping vp a storie of what cares
They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,
So grac'd with sundrie squemish subtilties,
As *Mercurie* himselfe (the God of witte)
Might haue admir'd, but not haue matched it.

Tiber. Yet did that *Argus* eyed *Aspinus*,
Both marke and bluntly mateme in my drift,
Wish, choose your part my Lord in Britany,
Or heyday, where you will, so not in Rome,
but by my Genius ile remember——

Julia. I, had not wise *Aspinus* vttered it.

Tiber. Had me no had-nots, nor *Aspinus*
Can so ore cannopie his close conceite,
But I will know the Panther by his skinne.
Nor am I ignorant of his great loue
He beares vnto the proud *Germanicus*,
How euer clowd in hippoeretic.

Scian. I, that *Germanicus* holds al their hearts, (hope

Jul. Nomeruaille, for they call him Roomes chiefe

Scia. And some did say he should be Emperour,
In spite of *Julia* and hir exild Sonne,

Tiber. But neither *Julia* nor her exilde Sonne,
Would haue endured such competitors.

Nero will brooke no riual in his rule,

Vnkisse it be th' emperious *Julia*,

To whome the law of nature bindes *Tiberius*
So firme obleiged in obedience,



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

As all the attributes of Majestie,
Rome, or the world, or *Nero* can affoord,
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.
Whose loue first lent the essence of my life,
Whose life doth onely make me loue to liue.

Julia. Enough my sonne.
Sufficient presidents of dutious minde,
We oft haue proued and approved oft,
And for our part neuer did *Heu'n*
Beare so great loue to all the sonnes she bare,
As *Julia* doth to one *Tiberius*.

Tib. Mother, I do confesse and know it true,
But in the infancie of our estate,
More priuate consultation better fits,
We and *Seianus*, will into our studie.

Julia. And we into our walking Gallerie. *Exeunt*.

Enter Germanicus solus.

Germ. I haue dispatcht *Asinius* to Rome,
With thanks to *Nero* and the Senators.
O Roome!

Augustus dead, *Tiberius* Emperour,
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,
The Legions discontent and mutinous:
The Pretors tyrants in their Prouinces:
The Nauie spoil'd, vnrig'd, dismembred:
The Cittie made a brothell house of sinne:
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie,
The field of Mars, turn'd to a Tennis-court,
Minerua's Olive to the Mirtle tree,
Appoloes Laurell, vnto *Bacchus* Vine,
High lone contem'd, and *Vespaer* Tapers scornd:
The Oracles dispis'd, the *Sibbils* bookes
Esteem'd as superstitious delusions:
The Orient vp in armes and *Tisefled*,

The Tragical life and death

The *Gallogetians* proud for to rebell,
Affricke in vprere, *Asia* in braules.
And these rude *Germane* kernes not yet subdued;
Besides a new deu's d Religion,
Of the inconstant *Iewes* cal'd *Christians*:
Our sacred Oracles some are stroke dumbe,
And some fortolde of *Romes* destruction:
Vocall *Boetia* in deepe miseries,
And *Delphian* glorie in obscurenesse lies;
A Gemini'd *Phœbus*, a three doubled moone,
A whirling Commet, flashing in the ayre,
A Wolfe ascended to the Cappitoll:
The Temple blasted of fidelitie:
A common Harlet to bring foorth a Beare,
O Gods! my heart doth quake, my soule doth feare.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, the scoutes discovered the wood,
Wherein the *Germanes* doe in ambush lie.

Ger. Sirra, goe tell them I will scarre the Crows.

Page. My Lord.

Exit.

Ger. Boy, trouble not my Meditations,
What should I spend my time to scarre these crows,
When there's a cole-blacke *Rauen* pearcht so high;
Germanicus, soare thou an higher pitch,
Towre like a *Larke*, and like an *Eagle* mount,
Till thou hast seiz'd vpon thy pray: for why?
The *Legions* loue thee, hate *Liberius*:
Honour thy vertues, scorne his cowardise,
Extoll thy meekenesse, and reuile his pride:
Pray for thy happinesse and curse his daies,
My Father *Caius*: his was *Claudius*,
I am of *Cesar*, he of *Iulia*:
Theire by nature, he but by adoption:
Rome saw thee honoured, *Rhodes* him bannished,

He

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,
But I the Lyons of proud Germanie.
And this were cause enough, were there no other:
I by *Augustus* made, he by his mother.
But thou art heire imperall to the state:
But he that lookes for death may hope to late.
Yet hope *Germanicus*, good hopes a treasure,
But he that hopes for meate, may starue at pleasure,
I, but *Tiberius Nero's* verie olde,
But young enough to liue to see thee sold:
I, but he loues thee for *Augustus* sake,
Augustus gone, the match ts new to make,
But since his death, thy power he hath augmented,
I, that at Rome my power might be preuented:
He sent thee word he loues thee, so I thinke:
Who would not loue the wine he meanes to drinke?
He honours thee (he said) and so I deeme.
Who would not of the fattest Goate esteeme?
Impatient furie flye *Germanicus*,
How is thy reason dimn'd with clowdie passion?
Proud swelling dropsie, euer gnawing worme,
Insatiate vulture, vile ambition,
Deluding Sirene, where's *Germanicus*?
The Legions loue thee not for to aspire,
Thy vertue shines not in oppression:
No honour in ambitious aray:
No meekenes in a traytors happines,
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,
Nor *Cesar* did abet thy treacheries,
By nature heire, then be thou naturall,
Rome saw thy honour, change not liuerie,
But make thy haruest vp in Germanie.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord the Tribunes sent me to your grace
To know your royall pleasure in the case.

Germ. What,

The Tragicall life and death

Ger: What, haue they chas'd the foe, and I delay?
Runne *Cains*, flie for halt, away, away.

*Enter Caligula at one end of the stage, and Seianus at the
other end below. Iulia at one end aloft, and
Tiberius Nero at the other.*

Cal. I am a foole, I am *Caligula*,
Suppos'd and idiot, and am so indeed,
For he that will liue safe must seeme a foole.
Iulia. Am not I Empresse, and shall I be control'd.
Am I *Augusta*, and shall I not rule?
Haue I made him to raigne, and shall I stoop?
Is he my sonne, and am not I his mother?
Tiberius thou shalt know a womans hate,
Exceedeth bounds, and neuer can haue date.

Tib. How am I Emperour and my mother rule?
Is she the Sunne, shall I the shadow be?
I but the smoake, and shall she be the fire?
I but a bare imagination,
And she the image that is honoured?
I but the *echo*, shall she be the sound?
A plague vpon her, I will her confound.

Seia. Thus will I do: nay thus, nay villaine thus
Poison Tiberius: I but *Germanicus*,
The Emperour and his mother seeme to iarre.
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your sports ile marre
But *Nero* loues me: so did my mother to,
And yet I brake her necke in honestie.
Mother forgiue me, ile doe so no more,
Yet if a thousand mothers necks would serue
To get me to be Emperour of Rome,
By heauens I would not leaue one necke aliue,
And to be sure that they should all be broke,
Ide hire some honest ioynter them to set,
And brake them ouer twentie thousand times,

And



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And for to recompence his worthy paine,
I make him set his owne nine times againe.

Caligula. I laugh to see how I can counterfeite,
And I should blush, if that Germanicus,
My father, my dissembling should beholde
He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foole:
My mother was deliuered in the Campe,
And in my swadling cloathes, I chac'd the Foe,
My Cradle was a Corset, and for milke
I batten'd was with blood: and fed so fast
That in ten yeares I was a Collonell.

My mother knew this, but she deemes me chang'd
Poore woman in the loathsome Romish stews,
O Mother, I am chang'd: but wherefore soe?

Caligula of *Caligula* must not knowe.

Lul. Shall I call him a Bastard? true it is,
But *Lulia*, then thou doo'st thy selfe the wrong.
Say that he was *Augustus* murtherer,
Yet therein *Lulia* thou wert counseller,
How then? a vengeance on his cursed head,
So he were murther'd would that I were dead.
Vile Monster that I am, to perrish loath,
Yet heauen's raine brimstone and consume vs both,
I am impatient, yet I must dissemble. *Exit Lulia.*

Tiber. She is my Mother, I must honour her:
She is my Ladie, I must shew her duetie:
She is most wise, worthie of reuerence:
I but the hag is moste ambitious,
Shee must haue Priestes for sooth, and *Flaminies*,
To sacrifice vnto her majestie,
She must checke *Nero*, I and schoole him too;
As he were prentise to hir tutorship,
She must incorporat free Denizens:
Or else shee le scold and raile, & snarle and bite,
And take vp *Nero* for his lustinesse.
Well, let her scolde, and rayle, and snarle and byte.

The Tragicall life and death

Nero will mannage well the haggard kite,
I will by *Ioue*, I will, yet I must seeme
As though my mother I did most esteeme. *Exit Tib.*
Sei. He that wil clime, and ayme at honours whilte,
Must be a wheeling turning pollitician:
A changing Proteus, and a seeming all,
Yet a discoloured Camelion
Fram'd of an ayrie composition:
As sickle and vnconstant as the ayre:
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,
By each new fangled reflection,
Rul'd by the influence of each wandring starre,
Waxe apt to take each new impressiō.
With wisemen sober, with licencious, light:
With proud men stately, humble with the meeke:
With old men thirftie, and with young men vaine:
With angrie, furious, and with mild men calmes:
Humorous with one, and *Cato* with another:
Effeminate with some, with other chaste,
Drink with the Germain, with the Spaniard brauer:
Brag with the French, with the *Egyptian* lie,
Flatter in *Creet*, and fawne in *Græcia*.
This is the way, *Seianus* vse thy skill,
Or this, or no way must thou get thy will.
If thou doost meane the Empire to obtaine,
Sweare, flatter, lye, dissemble, cog, & faine. *Exit. Se.*
Calig. *Caligula*, why doth thy slumbring soule,
Thus dreame within thy common sences mansion?
Awake for shame, flye to *Germanicus*,
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of sorrow,
Vncase this follye, and vnmaske this face,
That hath enuelped *Caligula*.
But see my mother, *Agripina* comes
With valiant *Drusus*, and *Nero* my wise brother,
Caligula's now a Foole, in faith no other. *Manet.*
Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Agripina with her two Sonnes, Drusus
and Nero.*

Agp. Why then my Sonns, *Tiber.* weares the crown :

Drus. I mother, and hee sweares heele keepe it too.

Ner. Ger. And reason brother hath he so to doe.

Drus. What reason brother hath he but his will?

Nero. Will may be reason, if heele keepe it still.

Drus. And shall he raigne? a base Plebeian.

Ner. He was adopted a Patritian.

Drus. So may I choose my horse to be my Page.

Nero. Good brother calme your furious swelling

We gaue our voices in his election, (rage,

say Brother storme not, here me what I say,

Did not we sweare loyall fidelitie,

within the Capitoll vnto his grace?

Did we not both at Vestaes sacred shrine,

Pray for the safetie of his Majestie?

And wilt thou *Drusus* now recall thy oath,

Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers insence?

Remember *Drusus*, what so ere he be,

Now he is crown'd al's past recouerie. (you know

Drus. Crown'd, I, and may be discrown'd for ought

How say you mother, may it not be so?

Cal. This tis to be resolu'd my gallat Brother. *a far*

How hardly can I my affections smother? *off.*

Agrip. Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde

A noble way to vertuous resolution:

In thee my *Nero*, wisdomes treasure:

In thee my *Drusus*, magnanimitie,

In both, your fathers honorable minde.

Speake faire my Sonns (awhile) vnto *Tiberius*,

Vntill the triumph of Germanicus:

Then be resolu'd——

The cause is honorable, feare no ill.

But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's *Caligula*

Capring: he takes no heede of higher thinges,

The Tragicall life and death

He call him hether, and see what he saies :

Caligula, come hether gentle Sonne,

How doost thou like the great *Tiberius*?

Cal. Faith hee's a braue man Mother, and his parrell is fit, and hee has a fine Crowne of golde, and all this makes him but a braue mā, for what would you haue in a braue man but he may haue it?

Agrippa. Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leaue your toies.

Calig. Why Mother, he can turne about ground, turne on the toe, turne euerie way, what should I say more?

By heauen a braue man.

Nero. And what can you doe Brother, let vs see?

Cal. Faith Brother I am not in the humour, and braue men can doe nothing without it bee in an humour.

Drus. Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentlemā.

Agrippa. Farwell *Caligula*.

Exeunt. Agg. Drus. & Nero

Calig. I, I warrant you, for ile sup at Court to night.

Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewell,

Whome I admire in such deuotion :

But dare not trust. *Drusus* I know thee well,

And loue thee dearely, for thy high resolues,

But dare not trust thee. *Nero* I applaud

Thy wisdom, but it wants a resolution.

Nero and *Drusus*, beware the braine-sicke foole

Caligula, set you not both to Schoole. *Exit.*

Enter Iulia, Tiberius, and Seianus.

Iulia. Heard ye not with what general applause,

Asinius was welcommed to Rome?

At his returne from barbarous Germany,

How many greedie cares did glut themselues,

With



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

With hearing newes of their Germanicus ?
How many greedy tongues in labour were,
To blazen forth the trophies of his praise ?

Tiber. Not *Priams Hector* from the flying Greeks,
Whome he had chased from the *Terrhene* shore,
Return'd with greater expectation,
Then laden with the spoiles of *Germane* foes,
The people long to see *Germanicus*.

Seia. Not onely the *Plebeians*, but the *Equites*,
Do reuerence him within their inward thoughts,
as if the *Vassaille* were a demie God.

Tiber. And rightly marry, for if *Nero* live,
Nero shall deifie him to the full.

Seia. But if you suffer him on honors wings,
To soare vp higher in ambitious flight,
Borne on the tempest of the peoples tongues:
Tis tenne to one, heele neuer stoope to lure,
To keepe him short, is onely to be sure.

Julia. Let vs commaund him, vpon paine of death,
Not to approach within our citie walles,
But either to dismisle his *Soldiers*,
Or on the plaines pitch his *Paillions*.

Tiber. No marry mother, not for all the world,
Why? it were ominous: *Romes* walles engirt,
With armed garrisons of greatest foes,
Vnpolitiquely counsel'd in my minde,
Administring too fit occasion,
For to suspect and feare a foule pretence.
And further, that the base *Plebeians*,
As wauering, and inconstant in their loues,
as is thee changing *Laoniades*:
Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,
Would like a world of riuers to the maine,
Flow to *Germanicus* by multitudes,
Whose swelling pride, by their repaire encrease,
Will ouerflow the banks of loyalty.

The Tragicall life and death

Mother this was but shallow pollicie,
But who'st that interrups our conference?

Enter Piso from Armenia.

Scia. It's *Lucius Piso*, Pretor of *Sirria*.

Tiber. Welcome to Rome, and olde *Tiberius*.
What newes in *Sirria*, and *Armenia*?
With all our Orientall Prouinces:

Pis. Peace hath resign'd her rone to bloody warre,
Whilst *Mars* the furie-breathing God of armes,
Knits vp his fore-head in a fearefull frowne
And in the furrowes of his foulded browes,
Displaies the sable Ensigne of sad death,
Vpon the spacious *Armenian* plaines,
And all the orient in rebellious pride,
(Threatning destruction, to our westerne world)
Doe seeme to challenge vs in daring armes.

Tiber. Who is the Head in this rebellion?

Pis. The cheife controler of these warlicke troups
Is vncontrold *Vonones* on whose Crest:
Victorie seemes to daunce among his plumes,
His Burgonet and Steele Habergeon,
Of bloody colour like vnto his minde,
Of visage sterne, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,
Looking as though he did comprise the world,
Within the complot of some stratagem.

Tiber. Ha! what, so soone *Armenia* vp in armes,
Hast thou forgot thy wonted seruitude?
Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done?
Or dead with *Silla* that first conquered thee?
Are all the stripes that strong *Lucullus* gaue,
Vnto thy neighbour *Pontus* and thy selfe,
Quite healed vp, without offensive scarre?
Are mightie *Pompeies* Tropheis quite forgot?
Well, be it so: they blow rebellious flames.

And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And they shall fee the furie of the same,
Meane while, returne thou *Piso* to thy lodging,
Till fit occasion to employ thee hence. *Exit. Piso*

Sen. How likes your Maiestie this woful newes?

Lul. Like enough, he misliketh it enough.

Might *Lulia* counsell him, he should reuenge it,
with more extreamitie of punishment,
Then angrie love raign'd from the vault of heauen
Vpon his Throne oppugning Briaris.

Tibe. I, soft and faire, first stop our teares at home,
Then let Armenia fee the force of Rome.

Sen. Good counsaile, great *Tiberius*, knew we how.

Tiber. How? what are all our pollicies extinct?
Noe, be attentive and ile tell thee how,
The head-spring stoppt the smaller founts will faile,
and thus our home bred feare Germanic;
Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers haps,
Take from his life their lights continuance,
His life therefore extinct, their light is done.

Lul. This is the thing that we consulted off,
But to no purpose yet.

Tibe. Yes Mother yes,
By this occasion of the Armenian wars,
an opportunitie is offered vs,
Both to reuenge and rid vs of our foes,
This Vsurer of fame Germanicus,
(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,
As doth a niggard for a showre of golde.)
No sooner shall returne to Rome,
Grac'd with the triumphes of his victories,
But by my pollicie, and faire pretext,
We will conclude it in the Senate house,
That for the safetie of Romes tottering state,
Germanicus must to Armenia,
Where hee shall fall by fierce *Vonon's* sword,
Or if he scape, wee le so determine it,

As

The Tragicall life and death

As Ioue to Saturne, shall resigne his Throane,
and banisht from the Speare, where now he raignes,
Humble himselfe, below the horned Moone,
Before he shall returne to visite Rome.

Enter Drusus, Liwia, and Spado.

Drus. Tiber: The Gods preferue your royall Ma-
Tibe. Good day vnto you Sonne and Liwia.

Liwia. Haue you attended long our comming forth?

Liwia: Not verie long my gracious Grandmother,
But hearing you were in close conference,
It had beene rudenesse to haue interrupted yee.

Tiber. We were indeede in consultation,
about affaires of speciall secrecie,
But where fore-lookes our Sonne so sad this mornee

Drus. Tiber. Hath not the clang of harsh *Armenian*
The rading sound of Clarions & Drums, (troupes
Thundred into your eares a deepe reuenge?

The Orient doth shine in warlike Steele,
and bloody streamers waued in the ayre,
By their reflexions die the plaines in red,
as ominous vnto destructive wars,
as are the blazing Commets in the East.

Tiber: We haue both heard, and eke consulted of
The whole effect: of which our conference,
VVe shall at fitter time relate to thee.

Meane while lets make our preparation,
against th' arriual of Germanicus,
VWho meanes to morrow for to Royalize,
The triumphes of his Germaine victories.

Exeunt Tiberius, Liwia, and Drusus

Manus Scianus & Liwia, & Spado.

Scian. Madame, a word with your good Ladship.

Livia. So please it your good Lordship, so yemay.

Scia. But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seian. But shall I speake my mind without cōtrol?
Linia. I haue no pattent to controll you sir.
Seian. But will ye not be angry if I doe?
Linia. That's as your selfe shal giue me cause therto
Seia. But say my tung should fault before I find it?
Linia. If lightly I would passe it, and not mind it.
Seia. What if I should offend with hearts assent?
Linia. The offence shuld pardoned be if you repēt
Seia. Thinketh my Lady as she sayth to me?
Linia. No other wayes my Lord. But well I see
By these your long circomlocutions,
Your businesse is of small import with me.
Seia. Of more import (sweet Lady) then my life.
Linia. A matter of more waight then I must know.
Seia. Yet must you know it or I must not be.
Linia. Can *Linia* then impart a remedie?
Seia. I, if she please to salue my maladie.
Linia. What salue should *Linia* to your sore apply?
Seia. Pitties quintessence, and soft clemencie.
Linia. Strange sore, strange salue.
Seian. Yet not so strange as true.
Linia. I pittie it: God send you ease, adue.
Seia. Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,
To tel my paine doth somewhat ease my heart,
And to be graced with attentiuē heede,
To Louers doth especiall comfort breede.
Linia. Then is my Lord a Louer?
Seian. You haue read.
Linia. How wonderfully metamorphosed?
Seian. More wonders can she worke that wrought
Able to change the chastest vtican. (my bane,
Linia. What, is your Goddesse then a Sorceresse?
Seian. The first, but then the latter nothing lesse.
Linia. You said she vsed charming sorceries:
Seia. Onely the enchantments of her Cristall eies,
Which had they glaunced on enamoured *Loue*,
E While

The Tragicall life and death

While Io liu'd *Ioue*, would haue beg'd her loue,
and spite of *Iuno*, *Hebe* and *Ganimede*,
She onely should haue grac'd *Theatates* bed,

Liu. Pearelesse belike, and fit to be a Cowe,
Farewell *Scianus*, I must leaue ye nowe.

Scia. Deare Madam, one word more, and then far.

Liu. Be brieft *Scianus* then. (wel

Scia. Beauties faire cell,

The heauenly *Panomphea* of our daies.

Liu. Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praise.

Scia. By these bright shining *Tapers* thy faire eies
The guiding *Planets* of *Scianus* life,

Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,

With farre more glorious admiration,

Then chaste *Diotima* or *Latonaes* Sonne,

But one word more (deare soule) and I haue done,

By this faire braunch, sprouted from fairer tree,

Enamuled with *Azure* Riuerets,

Blew coloured vaines, which euerie waies disper'st,
In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.

Liu. Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand so hard.

Scia. How can I chose, sith you do gripe my heart?

Liu. Let goe my hand, or I will haue thy head.

I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!

Scia. I, in your louely, but obdurate brest.

Liu. In my brest! though it were there indeede,
I would vnrip my breast, and teare it out.

Scia. Yet for your selues sweet sake to self be kinde

Soe faire a frame holdes not so foule a minde.

But Madame, leauing off this angrie moode,

In sadnesse would you graunt, if you were woo'd.

Liu. Blast not my name with lustfull infamie,
For if thou do, by heauen I wil — She pulshis rapier

Scia. Lady, these handes were neuer made to brād-
dish Steele.

Li. Could I but get it, thou should'st quickly feele.

Scia. Fye

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Sci. Fye Lady, fye, what, turn'd a Soldier?
If you be so resolu'd, let this be war. *He kisseth her.*
Lin. Vnciuilie, by violence! *Spado* I am wrong'd,
Sp. By Ioue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,
Or I wil sheath my Rapier in thy heart. *Sp. draweth.*
Sci. Put vp, put vp, Pigmy hold, I say put vp:

Scianus giueth Spado his purffe.
What wilt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?
Lin. Leaden resolued coward, let me see't,
I will phlebotomize his lustfull blood.

She taketh the Rapier.
Sci. That haue ye done already by your spight,
And now accept this sacrifice. *He swoundeth.*

Spa. O cruell plight!
Lin. Yet will I breath another life into him,
Or burie him within this Sepulcher:
Spado, helpe, helpe, for Gods sake holde his head,
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,
Doe make me see my shame that was vnkinde,
Good gentle heart, I should haue pardoned him.

Sci. Faire *Proserpine* }
I am a Louer. ————— }

Linia. See how his idle soule,
Not quite disseuered from his Arteries,
Makes him dreame vainely of Elizium:

Scianus:

Sci. Who cal's that name, *He listes himselfe vp, &*
The verie index of al misery? *Linia flyeth backe.*

Lin. I am a shamed for I was too nigh.

Sci. Ah Lady, I did dreame that you did grant me

Lin. What shall I say? words faile me to deny him,
Scianus dreame thou still that I did graunt ———

Sci. But dreames without effectes bee but vaine hopes.

Linia. No more was your's, yet dreame you stil in hope.

The Tragical life and death

Seia. But shall my hopes succcede?

Lin. I will not promise.

Seia. But performe indeed. *Exit Linia & Spado.*

Manet Seianus solus.

Seia. Wrong me not shallow Polliticians,
By misinterpreting my actions:

A farther reach is in Seianus head,

Then to adulterate a Princes bed.

Not lust, nor loue, but hate and iniurie,

Inspire me with profounder pollicie.

Vnder this vale of loue inuelloped,

Tis not a kisse: an Empire tis I seeke,

An opportunitie to claime the crowne,

And fit occasion to wreake reuenge,

Vpon her husband for his iniuries.

Drusus, the boxe on the eare thou gaue'st me,

Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.

Meane while, let this suffice: for my intent

Is onely for to loue this instrument,

As did *Vlisses*, *Troyes Paladium*,

Not for it selfe, but *Troyes* destruction.

But whilst *Seianus* prison vp thy tongue,

Now to the tryumphes, I haue staid too long.

*Enter Germanicus in Tryumph with the Arch-flamines
before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Asinius and Sabi-*

nus: next Iulia, Agripina, and Linia; then Nero,

Drusus and Caligula, Germanici: then Seianus and

other Senators, then the Captaines of Germani-

cus with his Soldiers and Prisoners: they

crowne him with Crownes and Gar-

lands according to the Cust-

ome, and all crie.

Omnes. Long liue victorious Germanicus,

In glory Royallize.

Ner. Archfl. Noble

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Ner. *Archfla.* Noble Germanicus, whose winged
Swift glyding through the frozen Germany, (fame,
Hath brought vs newes of thy faire victories,
Thou that doest equalize in honors Titles,
The elder Scipio, noble Affrican,
And younger Scipio Asiaticus,
Paulus Emilius of proud Macedon,
Flaminiaes conquest, and Metellus glorie:
Old Fabius wis dome and Marcellus furie,
Renowned Gracchus, gallant resolution,
Braue man at armes vnfold thy Victories,
Which heauens themselues do seeme to solemnize.

Ger. First to the Gods the Authors of my good,
Isacrifice the insence of my thanks.
Next vnto you my Lord imperiall,
I wish eternitie of happinesse.
All you that weare the snowie liuerie;
Of long experience worthe Senators :
And you the flowing blossomes of faire Rome,
My verie essence, valiant Soldiers all
Louing Quirites, loyall councitmen,
Faie Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,
Embelished with royall chastitie;
In all the circuite of my humble vowes,
I offer vp to *Iones* protection.
Since first my Lords I entred Germanie,
The fertile soile of base Rebellion,
Our Eagles twice nine times haue been displaid,
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored.
The barbarous Marshes on the southerne side,
Hailde downe three furious stormes of poysoned
Not Cicis torture bloody Scithian: (darts
Nor Crassus scourge, disembling Partheans,
Did euer rage in such tempestious showres,
But by the prowesse of our valiant Knights,
Who all alighted from their furious steedes,

The Tragical life and death

We still'd the hissing of these poysonous Snakes,
Which all the neighbour countrie stinges to death,

Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus,

Ger. But on the northerne side of Germany,

Whereas th' Vlsipites kept the plaine,

Impalled in a wildernesse of wood,

VVal'd with a rockie mountaine in the East,

Back't with the sea vppon the northerne Coast,

Enchannel'd with a deepe intrenched meere,

Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne side,

These mew'd-vp Foxes in this Stratagem,

Derided all our Legions braueries,

Four times with all our power we gaue assault,

To winne the passage of that daungerous meere,

Four times repulsed by the quaking ground,

That trembling durst not beare our Soldiers.

At length when Cinthia's borrowed waining light

Repai'd the essence of her brothers lampe,

Behinde the low descending of the hill,

I saw the Ocean farre rebattered,

As when the elder African in Spaine,

by ebbing Thetis scarred Carthage walles,

So by the flying backward of the maine,

The Foxes on the backe I saw engirt,

That thanks to Neptune for his clemencie,

They all adorne our royall victorie.

Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus!

Ger. Next to th' Vlsipetes were incamp't,

The Tubants houiing on the Mountaines side,

That if our Legions approach't the hill,

They roule downe rocks of stone to murther them.

Vpon the hanging of the steepie Clift,

There was by nature plac'd a little groue,

But surely guarded for the Druides,

To solemnize their humane sacrifice,

As in the second cruell punick warre,

The

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The tents of *Siphax*, and of *Hasdruball*,
Were all enflam'd by noble *Scipio*,
So by the burning of this little groue,
The mountaine quite confum'd where *Tubants* lay,
And they became our triumphs goodly pray:
But in the wood that borders on the mount,
The cruell *Tigers* hid their damned heads:
The sauage *Agrinarij* kept their den,
Who ranging now & the would snatch their pray,
Renting each ioynt, dissevering each part,
And neuer leaue till they had found the hart.
Not *Massagetes* were so cruell calld,
Nor *Babilon* was ere so strongly walld:
For since *Vspetes* last confusion,
They made the sea a moate vnto the wood,
That great *Alcides* would haue wondered,
To see this Iland so enuironed,
Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,
Danubiaes streames swelling in proud disdaine,
Vnto the checker of the Ocean,
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.
There did I make my skilfull Pioners
To cut a trench from great *Danubius*,
That this new sea which walled in the wood,
Was now the graue of their perdition.
For when *Danubiaes* streames did meet the maine,
The sauage *Agrinarij* all were drown'd,
But such as swam to vs we would not sleay,
That they might grace the honour of our day.
Omnis. Long liue Victorious Germanicus,
Ger. Twice did we meet the Buckstars in the field,
And fortie thousand quite were vanquished
Of stiff-neckt *Chatti*, neuer yet contrould,
An hundred thousand perisht in one field,
Not *Cannas* nor the fields of *Pharsalia*:
So died in blood as was *Danubius*.

And

The Tragical life and death

And which my priuate Ioy doth more obtaine,
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie slaine.
This is the Theater of Germanie,
And these the countries which I conquered,
Now worthie Emperour I made a vow,
To dedicate my sword to Iones protection.
If't please your Maiestie for to ascend,
Vnto the Senate where *Germanicus*,
Will all the secrets more at large disclose:
Meane-while my followers I you dismisse,

Exeunt the souldiers.

And al my gracious friends with thanks I leaue,
Vntil our Country-rights we doe performe,
Which done, *Germanicus* will soone returne.
Omnes, Long liue the valiant *Germanicus*:
Long liue *Victorious Germanicus*.

*Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore. Iulia
Agripina, Linia, and Caligula, at the other. Ma-
net Nero, and Drusus Germanici.*

Nero. *Drusus* if you had beene so valerous
As ouer-boasting in thy bumbast tearmes,
We might haue sealed our league of amitie,
Now with *Tiberius* colde congealed blood.
Drusus. And if thy bookish wisdom clarkly Art,
had armed beene with Roman resolution,
I tell thee *Nero* Coward as thou art,
Tiberius should not thus haue scapt our hands,
By Ioue my father was his coat of steale,
Plac'd betwixt my sword and him, or els—

Nero. Or els thou would'st haue sworne,
Volumes of six foote othes, but nere a blow.

Drus. No more, my father comes.

Nero. Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.

Drus. Why *Nero*, brother, are ye mad?

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Tiberius and Germanicus, Nerva, Sabinus,
Asinius, Seianus, Piso, with other Senators from the
Senate.*

Tib. I hope this sodaine businesse of the East,
Doth not agrate our sonne Germanicus.

Ger. My Lord the honour of my Countries cause,
doth counterpoize my sad affections.

Tib. Farewell my honourable gallant sonne,
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,
Piso farewell, remember well thy duetie,
Once more adue my deare Germanicus,

Seia. My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,
Your high resolues to happie victorie.

Exeunt Tiberius, Seianus, and Piso.

Ger. Thanks good Seianus, gentle friend farewell,

Nerva. My Lord Germanicus I much lament,
The strong rebellion of the Orient,
My heart presageth what I dare not say,
Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not stay.
And yet I will: ah deare Germanicus!

How doth old *Nerva* wish thy companie?
And but my honour doth controule my will,
I would Germanicus—farewel, farewel.

Ger. Nay good *Cocceius*, stay a little while,
To heare, the last perchance I ere shall tell thee,
So variable is the chaunce of warre.

Vnto you three the patrones of my life,
Nerva, Sabinus, and Asinius,
Vnto your patronage I recommend,
My Orphant children, and my widow wife,
Faile *Agripina*.

No more my Lord, let heauens tell the rest,
Remember your true friend Germanicus.

They embrace, and so part.

Exit Cocceius, and enter Piso.

F

Piso. Or

The Tragical life and death

Pis. My Lord 'twere time your busines were dispatch.

Th' iorney craues great expedition,
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.

Ger. Nor ought you to extenuate the same,
What though the Senate hath decreed it so,
Germanicus should giue adiew to Rome,
Before to morrowes Sunne salute the world,
Yet haue I some time to remaine therein,
Which being small, that small space let me spend,
To satisfie mine eyes with gazing on't,
Who for these many winters haue desir'd,
(Although in vaine) to resalute this place,
and now no sooner resalute the same,
But am constrained to bid it adiew,
It may be neuer to returne againe.

Pis. It may be: nay thats sure *Speaking aside.*
The Senate hath decree'd, and it must be,
There's no resisting of necessitie.

Ger. Yet gentle Piso, suffer me to grieve,
If at nought else, yet at necessitie,
Too strickt for ouertoylde Germanicus,
Whose wearie limmes, require a longer rest
Then is one daies short intermission.
Yet were it Piso but an houres space,
Were all my bodie brus'd with bearing armes,
Yet would Germanicus beare it as he may,
and rather sinke vnder his armours weight,
Then leaue to weare it in defence of Rome,
To whome though Rome for harbour be deny'd,
Yet hath he roome in all the world beside:
Onely this respite, and I craue no more,
To giue my wife and Sonnes their last farwell.

Pis. You may, & I wil cal the presently.

Enter Nero and Drusius.

Ger. Do Piso & be honoured for this fauour.

But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But see thy sonnes Germanicus, thy sonnes,
Declaring by their angrie clouded frownes,
Some ciuill discord, or some discontent,
For shame my boyes, if so a Fathers power,
May haue predominance in sonnes dissent,
Cleare vp those clowdie vapors of your browes,
That threaten stormes of dreadfull discontent.
Leaue off your ouer-daring menacies,
and tell the cause of your dissention,
Tell me, for I ought, must, and will know.

Ner. Onely this (father) caus'd our controuersie,
Going to the Capitoll to the Tryumph,
VVe saw a Kite vsurpe the Eagles place,
Wherat' enrag'd, we cast our Falcons off,
and for mine, was not of such speedy flight
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe.

Drus. Patience herselfe I thinke would be enrag'd,
To see a man so faintly Faulconer it.
For Father, had my Brother done his best,
VVe might haue taken downe the Haggard Kite.

Ger. VVhat, for so small a matter fall at oddes?
Fie, neuer violate true Brothers loue
By furious rages and dissentious Iarres:
It not befits your title, nor these times,
Sad time, wherein (perhaps) my last farwell,
Is to be taken of my dearest Sonnes,
Whom, if I leaue distract in factious hate,
How can I hope to bid you once farwell,
Since faring as I see, you fare but ill?
My time of residence is short in Rome,
and yet too long, if long you disagree,
Be reconciled therfore to your selues,
shake hands, embrace, befriendes, forget, forgive:
why so my Sonnes, thus should kind Brothers liue.
Now is my heart, disburthened of great care,
To see you my deare Sonnes accord so well,

The Tragicall life and death

And though I straight must part, take this fare all
left with you as my testimoniall will.
Helpe, honour, cherriish, loue each other still,
And thinke how oft you breake your amitie,
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

*Enter Caligula with a Racket and Tennis-ball
in his hand.*

Calig. Now a Gods name giue me a hand Ball,
For that a man may tosse against the wall,
Now vp, now downe, now flie, now fall,
Yet hath no danger therewith all.
Come brother, will you play a set?

Germ. Crosse to my comfort, & thy fathers grief
Why doost thou still continew in these fits?
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?
Cast downe *Caligula*, cast downe thy ball. (away
Calig. Nay by Ladie Father, nay first take my life
Take vp my ball, lay downe my Ball, tush, tush,
To tennis with an Emperor is not worth a rush.
Where's neuer a stroake but all in hazard plaide.
No Father, ile doe with it as poore men doe
With great mens iniuries, put it vp till time serue.

Ger. Yet now at length, cease to torment my soule
More scourg'd with sorrow to behold thee thus,
Then Priam was to see his Illion burne.
Oh speake like to thy selfe, speake to my ioy,
More ioy vnto ioy-rob'd Germanicus,
Then was the Lidian *Cressus*ombe borne Sonne,
Stopping his Fathers execution.

Calig. Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no.
What? play the blab before such company?

Ger. What company's heere, onely but we three.

Calig. Mary too many sir, by he, and he.

Ger. Sonnes stand aside, while we confer together

Calig. Nay far enough, we neede no counsellors.

Ger. Not

of Claudius Iiberius Nero.

Ger. Not on my blessing till our talke be done.

Cal. Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd sonne,
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,
Whole heilish fit hath left at length to rage,
And plague my senses with a lunacie,
Which hath made me to be esteem'd a foole,
And so I am, and deeme it best be so:
For he that would liue safe in brutish Rome,
Father, a foolish *Brutus* must become.
Ne blame me father, nor vpbraide me for't,
His was by policie, mine by extacie,
Which takes me euermore in companie.
Nor (but coniured by your reuerend commaund)
Could I haue halfe abstained from it thus.

Ger. The strangest fit that euer I haue knowne.
Which how er'e strong, yet striue to bridle it,
Once giue repulse and you the conquest get;
But time cuts off our talke, my glasse is runne,
And date of my abode is almost done,
Say therefore how doth *Agripina* fare?
What makes her stay? how brookes she my depart?

Cal. Briefly to say (my Lord) with an ill heart,
For *Lucius Piso* with this balefull newes,
No sooner gaue her notice of your state,
And suddaine expedition to the East,
But as if some *Torpedo* had her toucht,
A numming slumber rockt her sense asleepe,
And in a swoound fell downe betweene mine armes:
Then scarce remembring how or where she was,
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,
And thinking me to be Germanicus,
She seal'd a thousand kisses on my lippes,
Each being steeped in a stream of teares:
And then she sighes and straight begins to frowne,
Thrise she disioynd the cherries of her lips
As if she meant to speake, and thrise she spake.

The Tragicall life and death

Her voyce seem'd dead in labour with her words,
And onely rendered an abortiue sound,
Till thrice recall'd at length recovered,
She sighed forth, ah deare Germanicus!
And wilt thou then so soone? What more she said,
Drown'd in the fluent Ocean of her teares,
Gasp'd a period to her abrupt speech.

Ger. Ah me! and doth she still continue thus?

Cal. Not now my Lord: for when as this was done,
She wackt out of her slumbring extasie,
Receyuing refreuiton of her senses,
And then she blusht, and sight, to see her errour,
And gan to frame excuses for her fault,
Promising speedily to come to you.

Enter Piso and Agripina.

Ger. And here she comes. My deare *Agripina*:

Agri. Most deare *Germanicus*.

Nero. Ah! see how th' extremitie of loyall loue,
Surceedes in passions of affection,
as it denieth passage to their speech.

Dr. Curst be the authors through whose occasion
Happes the disseuering of so sweet an vnion.

Nero. Faine would she bid him stay, faine say fare-
But feare and loue amaze her in misdoubt: (well,
She doubts to stay him, fearing to offend him,
She loues too well, too willingly to leaue him;

Ger. Enforc't, I doome the sentence of my death,
For can I liue if parted from my loue
That art both essence of my loue and life?
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,
Ore-ruld by too strict times necessitie,
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell.

Agri. Ill fare that word farewell, since by farewell
I fare so ill: then bid me not farewell:
Yet wish I not thy stay my dearest Lord,

But

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

But that you would assent to one petition.
Be not inquisitiue, speake not at all,
Vnlesse when as you speake, you say I shal.

Ger. I shall my dearest deare, if so you shall
aske onely what shall be conuenient,
and indisparageable vnto our good:
Which for I doubt not, speake I giue consent.

Agri. Then in thy little lesse then banishment;
Refuse me not for thy companion,
and this with teares I beg for ratified:
Reuoke not what is promis'd, nor excuse
With arguments drawne from my sexe and life,
Too weak too feeble, and vnfit for warre,
Or by relating all the miseries,
Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;
For all the ill: that issue out of warre,
I haue them past, or passe not what they are.
Witnesse this liuely Image of thy selfe,
Of whom I was deliuered in the campe,
Bellona was my Midwife, and my paines
Were eased by the ayer-renting sounds,
Of warlike Sackbuts, Clarions, and Drums.

Ger. Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leaue;
and through extremitie of passion,
You make me halfe to feare you leaue to loue:
Pardon me *Agripina*, if my loue
t through feare to loose my loue, doth loue to feare,
For life takes life from loue, loue growes from feare,
Feare to dislike, feare to be faithlesse prou'd:
Feare for to loose him selfe from his best belou'd,
This fearing loue, and louing fearefulnessle,
Doth bind my heart, and prison vp my tongue:
Why wouldst thou this? I know thou wouldst it not:
From stately Rome vnto the Suns arise,
So many miles, so many mischiefs lies:
Where shouldst thou haplesse me accompanie,

The

The Tragical life and death

The mischief were redoubled, and one hour,
Perhaps should cause me die a double death.
Once in my selfe, and ten times more in thee,
Yet wouldst thou this? I know thou wouldst it not.

Agri. Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my wil.

Ger. Time entercepts my time, adieu,
Deare *Agripina* once againe adieu.

Piso. The time is now expired of our stay,
And therefore you must either now agree,
Or Madam gainst your will he must depart,
For my part I will presently depart.

Agri. Ah! stay a little while and I haue done. (wel

Ger. Madam, for all the world I dare not : fare yee

Agri. And is your haste so great as his my Lord?
Must *Agripina* then forsake her loue?

Ger. Or else Germanicus must leaue his life.
Therefore my deare, deare wife, and dearest sonnes,
Let me ingirt you with my last embrace :
And in your cheekes impresse a fare-well kisse,
Kisse of true kindnesse and affectionous loue,
Bath'd in the licour of distilled raine,
Which nere before dissolued into teares,
Which falling lowly downe before your feete,
Seeme for to beg a mutuall vnitie,
To be continued after my depart.
Which if you are resolu'd to maintaine,
Then vse no dallying protractions,
But now compendiously lets take our leaue,
Agri. As wills Germanicus so must it bee,
Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me :

*Exit Agripina. Nero, Drusus, and Caligula embrace
Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an o-
ther doore.* (tors be;

Ger. Deare wife, deare sons, heauens your protec-
The Gods our guide: farewell, this way for me.

Enter

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus.

Ti. Thus is *Germanicus* our greatest feare dispatcht
With subtile *Piso* to the Orient.

Didst thou not see with what alacritie,
All the Plebeians at his triumph showted
At euery period of his pleasing song?
How that discordant quire redoubled
With their vntuned voyces relishing,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*?
But hees dispatcht into Armenia,
And soone shall be dispatcht by *Piso* true.

Seian. My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,
Speedie performance of this action,
I so inueagled *Piso*, so inwrapt him,
So coniured his traiterous resolution,
Storing the villaine with such poysonous druggs,
As neuer *Circe* nor *Aetes* knew,
I so incenst his damn'd ambition,
Soothing his humour, praising his great worth,
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,
That were *Germanicus* imperious Ioue,
Piso would poyson him to gaine my loue.

Tib. So much *Seianus* for *Germanicus*,
But now an other cloud obscures our Sunne,
Of lesser fauour, but of greater show,
That same infamous *Tigres Julia*.
Nemio neuer saw a Lionesse
Was halfe so furious as is *Julia*.

Didst thou not see her yawning sepulchre
Rauening to swallow vp my Emperie?
Did she not shew *Augustus* testament
To haue discarded me from regiment?
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,
If *Nero* liue, *Julia* shall surely die,

G

Seia. Then

The Tragical life and death

Seian. Then Iulia make thy quicke confession.

Tiber. But yet there doth remaine a corasiue,
A canker that doth gnaw my festered soule,
Nero and Drusus yong Germanici,
Whose youth is guided by two elder starres,
Titius Sabinus, and Asinius,
Were these made Counsellers to Proserpine,
(For neither Minos nor sterne Eacus,
Nor Rodamantus were so iust as these,)
Nero and Drusus might be soone entrapt.
If that Seianus loues Tiberius,
If euer Nero did repay his loue,
Then see these Phosphori be made away,
That dimme the glorie of our happie day.
Heere take my Signet, vse what meanes thou wilt,

Be Emperour, so I may haue my will,
For euen as sure as Nero drawes his breath,
Asinius and Sabinus dies the death.

Seianus. If they did both Vlisses equalize,
Matchles Penolepes vnmatched mate,
And if Minerua should inclowd their thoughtes,
As Cipria wrap the Achesiadēs:
I, were Apollo their eternall friend,
They should not liue if Nero sought their end.

Tiberius. Meane while, as cleare from all
suspition,
Tiberius will leaue this wicked Roome.
Iulia, Sabinus, and Asinius
Shall rue the absence of Tiberius. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Nerua, Sabinus, and
Asinius.*

Nerua. Who sees the Sunne incombred in darke
And
(cloudes;

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And exhal'd vapours dimme the welkins face,
Followed in pursuite with th' assaulting winde,
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,
And not expects a sharpe tempestuous storme?

Sabinus. Who viewes the troubled bosome of
themaine,

Endiaped with Cole: blacke Porpesies,
Prodigious Monsters, and presaging Signes,
Markt in th' appearance of vnwonted shapes,
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,
and lookes not for a ciuill warre of wayles? (true,

Asinius. Who sees the rules to bee vnfaigned
And not provides preuenting remedies,
Well might hee prooue the perrill to his paine.
The Walles once battered by the boysterous Ro-

maine,
And open passage forced to their foes,
Too late it is, for the engir't to plead
In matters, where forelight might frame auaille.
Folly it is to trust to had: i swift

Late prouidence procures long repentance,
And thus I quite you for similitudes.

Nerua. Cancell that quittance Gallus, Nerua
knowes,

How deepe ensearching is Asinius skill,
But yet I wonder you will sentence it,
Rather then to acquire the hidden sence.

Asinius. Sence then is hidde in those similitudes.

Nerua. I, such deepe sence as makes my sences
droope.

Sabinus. No, sences droope where sence of self is
none.

Nerua. Sharpe sence may sence ill, all thoughts
vnshowne.

Asinius. Blinde is the censure of vncertainties.

Nerua. I, to the eye which sees what open lyes.

The Tragicall life and death

Sabi. You speake Enigmaes, doubtful and obscure.

Neru. Yet not so darke and hard, as true and sure.

Sabi. Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.

Neru. Not Oedipus, it needes a searching wit,
A quicke conceite, an all obseruing minde,
Tis that that must explaine this hidden fence,
Such one was wont, aged Asinius haue,
Such grounded wisdom reaching at conceite,
Like as the fire in chimicke distillation,
Able to seperate the ellements.

But wherefore weepes Asinius? thy griefe disclose,
Nerua will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.

Asini. Not for my selfe I shed these brinish teares.

Neru. Teares shed for Romes estate doe drowne
mine cies.

Sab. Hard state where vices liue, and vertue dies.

Ner. Witnesse the secret counsels which are kept,
Whereto no state of Senate is requested,
But olde establisht orders quite detested.

Sab. Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,
And secret factions, compleate treacheries,
Are common set abroach by each degree.

Ner. Nero hath tane adieu of stately Rome,
And poasted downe into the Countrie,
Nothing regarding his imperiall state,
And heere Seianus reuils all alone,
Free from the checke of Magistrates controule,
Commaunding all, as he were Emperour.

Sab. And with him keepes the high Augusta heere,
But to what end, the Gods alone doe know:
Who graunt that all may issue to the best.

Asin. Amen, Amen, my minde presageth ill,
And say we what we can, theile haue their will.

Exeunt Asinius, Nerua and Sabinus.

Enter Iulia and Seianus.

Iuli. And dare Tiberius worke old Iuliaes death?

Seia. Excel-

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seia. Excellent Lady, worthy Iulia,
Vpon mine honour Nero seekes your life.

Iul. And can the heauens see and not reuenge?
Not mad *Orestes Clitemnestraes* Sonne

Was so vnnaturall as this beare-whelp is.

I did conceiue the villaine in my wombe,

Which now I hate because it fostered him.

Could I not get some Taxus to haue made,

My wombe abortiue, when I him concei'd?

Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,

Thy first adoption by Augustus bounty?

Cams and Lucius, thy elder Bretheren,

One in Armenia, th' other lost in Spaine,

And all that thou the Empire might obtaine.

Proud Phaeton, assend thy Fathers throane,

And rouse the frozen Serpent from his Denne.

Father of darkenesse, Patrone of confusion,

Reduce the *Caes* of eternall night.

Let heauen & earth, & aire, bee brought to nought,

For Nero liues, and Iuliaes life is sought.

Seia. In vaine the furie of such idle thoughts,

Doe but augment the habit of your passion,

The Virgin ayre doth onely heare your moanes,

Which fleeting takes no impression of your grieffe.

In vaine you doe implore, the sencelesse creature,

For to vnbinde the chaine of constant nature.

Iul. Scianus! twise Scianus! louely man,

What shall I call thee to obtaine thy loue?

And yet I know, thou louest Iulia.

Seia. Madam, vpon my honour I protest——

Iul. Protest no more, Scianus sweare no more,

I doe beleue thou louest Iulia:

And may I trust Scianus with my loue?

Seia. And may you trust Scianus with your loue?

If I had not engag'd my honours pawne,

If I had not admired Iulia

The Tragical life and death

Loued Augusta more then mine owne life,
How durst I haue disclosed Cæsars drifts,
Broke my allegiance to my soueraigne,
Clearing the mistie cloudes of his reuenge,
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.

Iulia. Why then Seianus counsell Iulia,
Aduise Augusta in her deepe extreames,
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,
For to beguile the Lion of his pray?
Seian. Augusta, Cæsar is your noble sonne.

Iulia. I, but he seekes the life of Iulia.

Seian. Madam, he may be moued to pittie you.

Iulia. Shall Iulia then entreat degenerate man,
That neuer knew Augustas royall spirit?
Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,
Or Anthonies Egyptian parramour?
Did Philips high resolu'd Olympias,
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,
And shall Augusta royall Iulia,
Crouch, beg, entreate her boy Tiberius?

Seian. Lady not so, Seianus will entreate.

Iulia. Nor thou, nor any, shall entreat for me,
Did not I beare him? who shall beg my life?
I shame to heare thy foolish pittying,
Did not we make Tiberius Emperour?
And can we not depose Tiberius?
Where are those volumes of inuentions,
Which once had residence in thy conceit?
Those massacres and golden pollicies,
That ore thy fortunes euer houred?
Record Seianus all thy Chronicles
Diue to the bottome of thy memorie,
And plot some laborinth of villanie.
Do not Seianus all in vaine contend;
Nero, or Iulia, or both must end.

Seian. Royall Augusta, Iulia commaund,

The

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

The vtmost that Seianus can inuent.
Madam, you know that Cæsar three dayes since,
Remou'd his Court vnto Campania,
Where by his Orchard—

Julia. What by his Orchard? speake Seianus, speake,
What doth the smoke of Lerna lurke thereby?
Or Thebane Sphinx, or Memphis Crocadile,
What Diplas, or what Monster can we find,
But halfe so cruel in his proper kind?

Seian. There is a Caue *Spelunca* call'd,
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometrie,
Whose top is wouen with a wauing vine,
The leaues of tempred plaister flagging downe.
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:
The ruddie clusters of the grapes appearing,
Liuely engrauen in dependant stones,
Neuer Mausolus, nor Amphions towers,
Nor Asiaes immortall workmanship,
Dianaes Temple halfe so curious,
as this entrenched earthly Paradise.
But which encreaseth most a mazing wonder,
With turning of one stone all fall's asunder.

Julia. What of this? what of the Caue Seianus?

Seian. Here oftentimes the wearie Emperour,
Doth banquet and refresh his troubled mind,
Julia. Enough Seianus, promise to turne the stone,
Julia is sicke, *Augusta* must be gone.

Sei. Madam, vpon mine honour ile make him sure.

Julia. Farewell Seianus, I must needes be gone.

Exit Julia. Manet Seianus solus.

Seian. Madam farewell. Go stepdame *Julia*,
Plot with Seianus for *Tiberius* death,
But first go tell the Queene of fearefull *Dissie*,
and read a lecture there of policie,
Neuer to trust a friend in secrecie.
So then Seianus here Epitomize
all thy deuises for to get the crowne.

Betwixt

The Tragical life and death

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are seauen lights,
Seauen wandring planets, seauen obstacles,
Tiberius Caesar, and Germanicus.

The triple offspring of *Germanicus*:

Julia, Agripina, and Linia:

All these *Seianus* twixt thy hopes and thee,

But for *Germanicus* hee is eclips't,

His Orient of honour is obscur'd,

I hope ere this by *Piso*'s diligence.

Julia is in her struggling agonie,

Betwixt the poyson and concoction:

Drusus, *Tiberius* sonne, I meane to speede,

And make his father sor to murder him.

Euen thus the Cause I told to *Julia*,

Is verie true, I doe not vse to lie,

Not to complot the deepest villanie.

Nor did I lie, ther's such a Cause indeede,

And with one stone I can consume the worke,

Some slender shallow politician now,

Would deeme it here a point of wondrous reach,

To murder sonne and father in this Cause.

Not so, *Seianus* hath a farther scope,

Deeper conceit, and farre more mysticall:

The Cause shall fall and yet *Tiberius* liue,

But I will seeme to vnderprop the Cause,

With these my pillars, and beare all the load;

So shall I get more fauour with the Prince,

That whom soeuer I shall countenance,

Shall seeme as ere repealed Oracles.

Then will I worke this credulous conceit,

To what impression my braine inuents,

He to *Campania*. Now first haue at his sonne,

Then for himselfe when all my plot is done.

Exit Seianus.

Enter



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

*Enter Germanicus, and Piso at one doore, Vonones and
his sonne at the other.*

Ger. Vonones though this proud rebellion
Disturbe the vniuersall vnitie,
although this vtmost member of the world,
Hath made a separation from the head:
Though thou and thy proud sonne in daring armes
Haue made our Eagles sweat in thy pursuite;
Yet know a Roman is thine enemy,
Whose Legions farre surpasse in Chiuallrie,
The triple Phalaux of *Armenia*.
Were euerie man a furious Elephant,
Rul'd by a Castle of Numidians,
These Germane Legions would encounter them;
and these new squadrons out of Italy,
Would striue with them in glorious emulation,
Till with the spoile of vanquisht Elephants,
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.
Yet know my mercie farre exceeds my strength,
an Oliues branch wreath'd with humilitie.
Shall win more fauour with Germanicus,
Then all the Ensignes in *Armenia* can.
Speake then Vonones, wilt thou fight or yeelde?
Von. Germanicus, as to my hostile friend,
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,
admires, but nothing feares thy victories.
Except thy person, Thus much for your state.
Germanicus, tis no rebellion,
For to maintaine our ancestors renowne,
It is your pride to seeke Dominions,
Finding occasions still to conquer all:
First Romulus encreast his Colonies,
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,
Within the circuit of faire Italy,
Subiected to your Lordly Empires.

H

Then

The Tragicall life and death

Then must Scicilia be your grauarie,
Carthage be sackt for emulation,
Spaine must find horses, France an enemy,
Because that Brennus scal'd the Capitoll,
Yong Philip in the second punicke warre,
Must bereclaim'd by old Æmilius,
Mithridates for helping Perseus,
Must pay a ranfome of all Asia
To Taurus Mountaine; yet not so content,
Except he yeeld vp Lisimachium,
For him Tigranes, Ptolomie for Anthonie,
My Grandfire for great Pompeys dignitie,
Must yeeld the title of his royaltie:
Romanes, you wrong the world by false pretences,
To make them al your vassaille Prouinces:
How did the Britaines wrong your Empire?
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians?
What did Numidia, or what did Germanie:
The late Character of thy victorie.
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld:
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

*Exeunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones
and his sonne flie. Enter Germanicus and Piso.*

Ger. Now are these Orientall braueries quail'd
these rauening wolues hem'd in their lurking dens:
Tigraimenta, were it proud Babylon,
Glew'd with Alphaltes slime impenetrable,
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,
Germanicus would neuer leaue assault,
Till it were subiect to Germanicus.
Sound them a parley.

Enter Vonones as vpon the walles.

Germanicus speaketh.

Ger. Vonones, first to thy vpbraiding taunts,
Whic

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,
Thou callest vs Romanes too ambitious,
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,
Proud to insult vpon Dominions,
By faigned shew of some receiued wrong :
First know Vonones that great Romulus,
Diuineſt ofspring of th' immortal Gods,
Neuer vsurpt vpon his neighbour bounds,
Without the iust occasion of reuenge :
Witnesse the tempests of the Solines troopes,
And Titias Titaiaſ doubtfull trecherie :
Scicilia were redeem'd from seruitude,
From Carthage bondage, whose ambitious pride,
Fieue hundred thousand slue in Italy :
Spaine as abettors of false Hanniball,
Subdued by Africans to our rule,
France, Philip, Perſeus, and Mythridates,
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,
Neuer without defiance were surprizde,
Neuer without iust cause we them defied:
Vonones thou doſt know this to be true,
Yet your presumption makes you all to rue.

Vono. Germanicus were all the Romane ſpirits,
Imbarkt within thy royall curtesie,
Or were thy ſpirit infused into all,
Tigranocerta by the die of warre,
Should neuer make my realme vnfortunate.
Vonones would be to Germanicus
A vassaille ſubieſt, tributarie King.

Ger. Vonones, not vnto Germanicus,
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee:
If at our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,
Then faile to Rome, and in the Capitoll
There reintreate great Caſars clemencie,
Yield vp thy Citie, and diſmiſſe thy force.

H 2

Vonones

The Tragical life and death

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.

Von. Germanicus, how much I honour thee!
Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,
For know, before that tyrant shall insult
Ouer the *Armenian* Orientall Prince,
Euen by the Sun, and all his counsellors,
The autour of our royall progenies,
Scale, burne, assault, batter, vndermine,
Renue as oft your wearied Legions,
as Polinices, or the Thebane wall,
Nothing but death Vonones shall enthrall.

Germe. Then to the fight,
and heauen I trust will ayde vs in our right.

*Germanicus and Piso scale the walles, Germanicus is
repulst the first assault, Piso winneth the wall first,
but is in danger by Vonones and his sonne: Germani-
cus rescueth Piso, Vonones and his sonne flie.*

Che sara, sara, maugre all their force,
Tigranocerta, is subdued to vs.
Romanes assault the Keepe, let them not breath,
Till with the cinders of the fired Tower,
Your dreadfull furie cleane dissolued be.

Sound a parley within.

Piso. But harke, th' Armenians doe a parly craue,
I thinke thei'l yeeld, and so our labour saue.

Ger. Then sound terror to their melting hearts.

They resound a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.

Von. Germanicus, and Romane conquerours,
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,
Vonones here vpon his suppliant knee,
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,
That had no sinew, had no bending ioynt.
Here he that neuer begg'd, doth now entreat

A boone,

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Aboone, a glorious boone: Germanicus,
Tis not my life: Vonones heart would breake
Before his tongue should be his Oratour.
Tis not Captiuitie, nor Towne, nor Friendes,
Nor Realme, nor wife, nor my posteritie,
Germanicus, it is a boone offame
Vonones begs, that nere will beg againe.

Ger. And as I liue, Vonones shall obtaine,
How honour crost by chance, reuiues againe!

Vonones. Then thus, in single combat I defie,
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,
This honorable challenge in the field,
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,
For foure and twentie houres to haue my scope,
For to ordaine a new supply of warre.
If I be vanquish't, vse the law of armes.

Germ. Discend Vonones, on my honours paine
For to performe this resolution.

Germanicus comes downe to the Stage.

Romaines, on your alleagiance be gone,
Perswasion is the sight of present death:
I see the Garlands danging in the skies,
Of Coruin and Torquates victories.

Vonones cometh downe, they fight and breath.

Vonones being wounded.

Von. Curs'd bee the houre, and curs'd bee the
Which giues the influence to my haplesse being:
I had not deem'd that twentie thousand soules,
Could haue ore'quell'd in a single fight,
My armour, purpl'd with vermillion blood,
(More then the Scarlet blush the maker gaue:)
You hel-bred furies, I plague you all in hell,
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ of
Rome.

Fight againe, and Vonones is slaine.

Ger. Ah noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?
Gallant

The Tragick life and death

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,
Too much dere earth oppresse him not with weight
Whose minde was eleuated whilst he liued.
Let lillies decke his euerflowring toombe,
And Rosets border on his wayled graue,
Sweet Nightingales participatch his breath,
Helpe to immortalize his glorious death.

*Piso and all the Romaines come downe from the
wall to Germanicus, and Germanicus speake
to them.*

Now braue Centurions, worthy Legions,
After the night of labour, honours day
Bring forth the murall Crowne and Ornaments.

Pis. Germanicus, whose head shall this adorne?

Ger. His that deseru'd it, and I deeme' twas I.

Pis. Know usay Germanicus, but it was I
That first repulst th' Armenians from their walles,
First pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.
I scald the sconce, therefore the Crowne is mine,
I pitch mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments;
And by my soule, and by Bellonaes night,
Piso will haue his owne, his Crowne, his right.

Ger. Piso shall haue his owne, shal haue his right,
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)
The glorious Signet of my victorie:
First stars shall turne vpon this earthly pole,
Bound to this shadie Orbes circumference.
And heards of beasts shall graze on earthly pasture
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,
Nature turn'd topsy turuey fore that day,
Piso my honours Crowne shall braue away.

Pis. Braue! Piso will not Braue, his deeds shal plead

Ger. His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,
Without ambition I pleade my right.

Did

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did not I my selfe in th' first assault,
Thrice change my Target ouer poys'd with Darts:
Did not I brandish in the second fight,
My burning Semiter? that all their eies,
Could not indure the heate of his reflection?
Then in the midst of all the frontiers strength
Hew'd me a passage to Vonones Sonne,
Whose dying Ghoast bare record of my force,
That did dismay their power, disman their walles,
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbar'd their Gates,
And streight remounted to assault the Keepe:
Perchance that Piso by some posterne gate,
Crept through a meuse, & by the winding stayres,
Panting and breathlesse, stale vp to the walles.
But I——

Pis. Nay stay Germanicus, my heart doth throb,
Mine eares doe glowe, to heare thy brauing taunts:
I am a Soldier, and as good as thou,
But for the childish rumor of thy name:
And shall I loose by these insulting tearmes
The Crowne of honour that I haue deseru'd?
Not one fault drop of Sweat, that I haue spent,
But honours fountaine shall repay againe.
Germanicus, Piso will haue his due,
Or thou or he, this fact of thine shall rue.

Centur. My Lords, what dismal furie doth enchar
Your noble Spirits to this mortall strife?
The Romaine millitarie lawes enforce,
That in these graue demerres the Soldiers quest,
Should giue the honour by a whole consent:
Are you my Lord Germanicus content,
And you Lord Piso with our Romaine lawes?

Ger. Worthy Centurion with all my heart.

Pis. I must perforce, or else not haue my part,

Cent. Speak Soldiers, Piso or German. (Germanicu,

Sol. Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

Cent. Trum.

The Tragicall life and death

Centu. Trumpets, relate to heauen this Vnitie.

Germanicus sitteth downe, *Piso* at the other end of the Stage sprincklesh Powder on the Crowne, and then he setteth it on *Germanicus* his head, Trumpets sound.

Pis. I lost the Crowne, but I haue won the day,
Long liue Victorious *Germanicus*.

Ger. *Piso* grieue not at Iustice equitie,
Mine honour's dearer *Piso* then my life,
Except this grudge, *Piso*, I honour thee,
Depute thee Lord Armenian gouernour,
To grace thy vertue and reward thy paine,
Farwell good *Piso*, ile to Antioche. *Exit. Ger. & Sol.*

Pis. I, goe *Germanicus* but nere returne,
That Crowne shall be the last thou ere shalt weare,
That garland decks thy speedy funerall:
If that *Germanicus* passe Antioche,
Piso's a foole, *Seianus* had no wit:
That powder which I sprinkled on the leaues,
Me of my death, him of his life bereaues. *Exit. Piso.*

Enter Tiberius Solus.

Tib. I am dispos'd to meditate alone,
Here in my Orchard, let none dare trouble me:
These Poppies too much aspire, they are too high,
I must needs make them headlesse for their pride,
And sure their seede, would breede a deadly sleepe,
Should I not crop them, in their flowring prime:
These marigolds, would follow with the Sunne,
If I should suffer them to sprout on high,
But ile confine their stature to my measure:
So will I doe with all competitors.
Here's an olde roote doth hide the rising plants,
And that doth make me thinke on *Iulia*,
Where is *Seianus*, that incarnate diuell,
Hath he not ended yet my greatest euill?
I doe misdoubt the Villaine, oh the slave!

He

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

He may bewray me to the Senators:
He may discloſe me vnto Iulia:
He may diſcouer me to Germanicus:
He may doe what he will, to ſeek my end.

Exit Tiberius.

Enter the Ghost of Germanicus.

Ghost. Ingratefull Nero, and ingratefull Rome,
Vnto the merriſts of Germanicus,
Reuenge my cauſeleſſe wrongs, great Proſerpine,
Who murdered was by hatefull treacherie,
Me thinkes I am a man, and now could raue,
That nere before did know what anger ment.
This murall crowne wrought my vntimely death,
By Piſoes enuie, and Tiberius pride.
Germanicus, poore ſoule doe not complaine.
For prayers cannot thy life reſtore againe,
I will goe ſee my Children and my wife,
That I may thinke on them in this new life.

Exit Ghost.

Enter Agripina at one doore, Drufus and Nero at the other crying out, as from their Beds.

Ner. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.

Agr. My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.

Dru. my father, my deare Lord Germanicus,
Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,
Fie ſluggiſh Brother, draw thy balefull ſword,
Mother, ſling wilde fire at the Crockadile,
For nothing elſe can pierce his brazen ſcales.

Agr. Drufus, what ſpirit doth diſturbe my Sonne?

Dru. Mother, me thought I ſaw Martichora,
The dreadfull hiddeous Egiptian beaſt,
Horrid and rough ſlimy and terrible,
Fac'd as an Hidra like ſome vnquoth man,
Whoe cares hang drayling downe vnto his feete,

I

Sweeping

The Tragicall life and death

Sweeping the loathsome soile with greedinesse,
Fang'd with three Iron grates of steely tuskes,
Walleyed, with collour steep in deepest bloud,
With Lyons clawes, and Scorpions poysonous sting
Wouen in Gorgias hundreth thousand knots,
His murmuring sound, mixt of two Simphonies,
Rebellowed twixt a flute, and trumpets sound,
That seem'd the world with roring to confound.
By him me thought I saw a gallant beast,
A princely Lyon, crown'd with honours meede,
At which this vgly Monster wrought amaine,
For to defeat the Lyon of his pray,
But all in vaine, till this deceitefull beast,
Belcht soorth an ayrie death, infecting breath,
At which me thought the Lyon vanished.
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,
Plac'd in his roome by this beast perished:
Twice thus I dream't, and still my thinkes I dreame,
But mother, what did your affrighting meane?
Agri. Oh Sonne! I dream't that in the azure skye,
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did striue,
One darted rayes, th' other rainebowes made:
One suckered plants, the other moou'd the fire:
One shining, tother dimme: one true, tother false,
And in this discord all in heavenly motion,
The hoast of starrie cloudes did hide the ayre.
These hideous monsters met in furious rage,
As if the world had beene dissevered.
Like when a Whale runs in the boysterous maine,
Seeming to shoulder all the yeelding waues,
So by contrition of this dawning night,
The Axeltree of heauen did seeme to mooue:
From whence, as from an anuile seem'd to streame,
A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,
Which rendring passage to the Orient,
Seem'd for to light vppon Germanicus.

The

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This frighted Agripina in her Dreame,
But Nero what did thy vpstarting meane?

Nero. My thought I sawe a snowye milke white
Encountring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,
The Storke was succoured by a neighbour Crane,
The Swan relieued by a dunghill Cocke,
All ioyne in battaile, all to furious.
But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue;
Or other fate, the Swan and gallant cocke,
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkasse of the Storke,
All which seem'd pleasing to my slumbring sence,
But all too rufull that which after fell,
Fell discord twixt the Swan, and Cocke arose,
The peerelesse Swanne was worthy Conquerour,
But yet alas the gallant Cocke. ———

*Enter Maximus a messenger from Germanicus, he
knocketh at the doore.*

But who disturbes vs at this time of night?
Where is the Porter with the Citties watch?

Max. Open, ah open vnto Maximus.

Dr. The faithful Maximus, God send good newes.

Enter Maximus.

Agri. Too much I see, I dare not heare the rest,
And yet I will: nay farwell Maximus,
I will not feare, yet feare comes gainst my will,
Mine eares are stopt, how doth Germanicus?

Max. O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurse,
Nere taught this dolefull Engine for to speak;
Then should my soule in mourning silence groane.

Agri. Ah deere Maximus by all that ere was deare
Within thy trustie heart, make no delaies,
Tel Agripina: rid her of her feare,

My heart is hardned euen the worst to heare. (Rome

Max. Then Madam sit hence we left this stately
Proud

The Tragical life and death

Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.
My Lord first sayled to Brandusium,
So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.
From thence to Ephesus, from Ephesus
To Lisimachium we bent our course,
Thence to the mountaine Taurus marcht by land,
Sheluing on which we coast Armenia,
and in her firrill bowels pitcht our Tents.
Vonones three leagues off displaide his flag,
The scarlet Ensigne of his bloody minde,
There like two heards of Lyons, we inrang'd
Our Squadron to their Phallax, to their darts,
Our slings : against their Cammels, all our horse.
Betwixt our armies Tigris swiftly ran,
and there within a league on our right hand,
A deepe-delu'd Caue, (fit ambush to intrap)
All vaulted with a young disprayed groue.
Here with fise hundreth foot-men light of armes,
My Lord did place me till he gaue the signe :
So in the heate our Legions seem'd to flye,
Till all Vonones armie past the floud,
And in pursuite of our supposed flight,
There all enuironed with hidden troopes,
That saw Vonones and his fierie Sonne.
And some few more, which them accompaigned,
We made an ende of this rebellion.
Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,
And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,
In single combat, slew their gouernor.

Ag. Ah my deare Lord ! how fares Germanicus ?

Max. I, thats the dismall newes I haue to tell,
Leauing the Orient thus in settled peace,
And Piso Pretor of Armenia,
We marched to the Cittie Antioche,
Whereas my Lord had heard were Christians,
Iudeian Priestes, the which did magnifie,

An

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

An vnknowne God, in dayly pietie.
Before the Cittie grew a Cipresse Groue,
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,
Where Gasty Screech-owles hold their residence,
True Prodigies, of fatall miseries.
about the midday of Antipodes,
When our Horriзон was benum'd with sleepe,
a furie and a passion both at once,
Began surprize my Lord Germanicus. (*her Sons.*
Agrip. Oh heauens! — *She fainteth and is upheld by*
Dru. Mother you promis'd for to heare the worst
and can you not indure the first assault?
Agrip. Yes Maximus, tell out the dyrest wo,
My hart conceiues more grief then thou canst shew
Max. What time the liuing diall of the night,
His first alarum, rang to Cipria,
Gall of my soule, I saw that woefull sight,
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meekely lay,
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,
Doth gnaw the earth, in felnesse of his minde,
Grudging sorrow but disdaines to moane,
Or rore in torment of his agonie,
So lay Germanicus in grieuous paine:
Yet grieve from outward shew did much restraine,
But feeling that his spirits gan to faile,
and vitall pulses leaue their motion,
He cald for Plato, and there two houres red,
Of the immortall essence of the Soule,
So constant in his soules Diuine releeving, (*uing*
That grieve euen grieu'd herselfe, for him not grie-
Then to his friendes, he gaue this last farwell,
Deare friendes, and worthy countrymen adiew,
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,
By faces Eternall hand beene catcht from earth,
I might accuse the Iustice of the Gods:
But since by Piso, and his poysonous drugs,

The Tragicall life and death

Germanicus is lost; reuenge my death.

Agri. Enough, too much: O I can beare no more,
Good Nero goe, run to Sabinus house. (*Exit Nero*)
And treate him come, and comfort thy sad mother,
Drusus goe thou vnto Asinius lodge, (*Drusus*)
And wooe him hether to thy sorowing Mother. *Exit*
But was my Husband poysoned by that slaue?
O Monstrous hell-hound of ambition!

Max. No man could proue it, but it was surmis'd,
Both by the dying words of my deare Lord,
And by the suddaine swelling of his head,
That like a snow white Leaper was defilde.
As by the heart of great Germanicus,
Whose body being burnt, that yet vntoucht,
A certaine note of poyson still remain'd,
Which I embalmed with Arabian spices,
Mixt with the ashes of my dearest Lord:
Haue in this Allablaster box preseru'd,
The onely Relique of this Tragedie,
Which to you worthy Ladie I present,
Yours it was liuing, yours it must be dead.

Agrip. I had it liuing, and must haue it dead,
all may be fall that must necessitie.
Flye liuing soule, into this lustlesse heart,
That it may animate my greater part.
Or else (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye
That here my breathing soule may tombed be.
Mine eyes shall drizell down Arabian mirrhe,
To garnish all Armenian infections
Or falling from my eye-balles covered be,
With this faire couer of sad miseries.
I must needes looke vpon this last reliefe,
Which swels, as being angry for my grieffe.
Ah my Germanicus! thus to hold thy heart,
Yceldes me no comfort, but augments my smart.

Nero returneth.

Ner. Mother



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Ner. Mother, Sabinus some two houres since,
Is gone to visite faire Elizium.

Agri. What to thy Father my Germanicus?

Drusus returneth.

Drus. Mother, Asinius Gallus very weake,
Expects the fatall houre of his death,
Phisitions teill him he is poysoned.

Agrip. Toomuch my Sonne, great sorrow still is
dumbe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers.

1. And is it true, did Piso poyson Germanicus?

Sold. True, I as true as this is an Armenian Loufe,
that bit me by the backe, & I am sure I carried none
out of Rome with me: for his head sweld, his hayre
would not burne, and hee dyed in a furie, and we al
know that Piso had mortall hatred against him
because he wold not let him haue his mural crown.

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germa-
nicus! the very hūisfuckle of humanity. & the Ma-
ry-gold of magnanimitie: Piso is not to be cōpared
to him, Pisonoe, he is to him (euen in the creame of
his nature) the verie lees of licentiousnes, the Veri-
ice of villany, the very excrement of euil, & which
is more, he had no reason to poyson him.

3 Good Germanicus, oh when shall I make thee
an other payre of boots that would euen smile whē
they should come vppon his legges? O I shall neuer
make such merrie bootes againe, for all the drie lea-
ther in my shop I warrant will weep intirely when
they heare this newes.

Sol. Consent to me, Piso will be heare presently
(he thought to haue beene heere before vs) consent
to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

1 Agree'd, and lets rost him in his skinne, as you
rost a Cat.

(quicke

2 Nay, lets drowne him aliue, or else bury him

Sold. Nay.

The Tragical life and death

Sold. Nay, will you all keepe touch, and weeke
teare him ioynt by ioynt when wee haue got him,
therefore stand close, for I heare his horse neigh, the
Assle will be heere presently.

Enter Piso.

Pis. Haile Mother Rome.

Sol. I, stormes of vengeance on thy cursed head,

1. Where is Germanicus? speake!

2. Speake! what hast thou done with Germanicus?

Pis. I cannot tell.

All. But wee will make thee tell.

*They drag him in, and enter againe with his limes in their
hands, they shout and cry.* (Lord

Omnes. Thus haue we sent reuenge to our deare
Thus haue we sent Germanicus reuenge.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus out of the Caue.

Tibe. Sejanus.

Seia. My Lord.

Tibe. Ho Sejanus.

Seia. Here my gracious Lord.

Tibe. A plague vpon him, that first made this Caue
It was not sumptuous, not faire enough

To be the Tombe of a liue Emperour.

Thankes to my Genius, and thy prouidence,

That hath defended me from farther ill,

And yet my shoulders feeble the heauie load,

Sirra a brush;

Vanish the monuments of antique worldes,

Mew'd in externall silence be obscured,

Not Theseus loue vnto Perrithous

Not Alexanders to Hæphæstion,

Nor the two Bretheren of Paris sworne,

That in eternall courses scale the heauens,

Did euer manifest such demonstrations,

Of



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Of faith vnfaign'd, and more then Turtle-doue,
Saued my life, now by my Geneus
If all the world were ten times multiplied,
And one of them were made of massie gold,
Enameled with Pearles and Diamonds,
Emboist with Iasper and Alites vertue:
Yea were all these imaginarie worlds,
Vnder Tiberius his dominion,
This world, this rough-cast world with precious
Should be the guerdon of my saued life. (Iems)
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,
To counter-balance such a faithfull minde.

Seian. Most gracious Caesar mightie Emperour,
Had Pellion and Cossa beene conioy'nd,
Had mounting Tenarus with the snowie Alpes,
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Caue,
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)
Haue beene embowell'd in this earthie hell,
To saue the life of great Tiberius.

Tib. Now haue I tried the trunesse of thy stamp;
Bith' touchstone of this late oppression,
Nero repayes thy loue with vsurie,
But by my Geneus how this suddaine feare
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care:
Tell me Seianus, how fares Iulia?

Seia. My Lord she doth comend her to your grace.
But very weake vpon a surfet taken.

Tib. As how Seianus? old folkes vse good diet.

Seia. And so did she my Lord, at supper time
She tooke a kernell of restorative,
In a Pomgranet, which did so preuaile,
As that left her sicker with her Phisicke:
Asinius and Sabinus her deare friends,
From that Apothecarie did receiue,
The like restorative with like effect:
And then I poasted to your Maiestie.

K

Tib. Iulia

The Tragicall life and death

Tib. Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius,
For each a teare, so to Elizium.

But what Seianus note I in thy face?
The seale of feare though well dissembled,
Are they not all dispatcht why dost thou feare?

Seian. Vpon mine honour all are perished. (foule)

Tib. What doth thy conscience then disturbe thy
What meanes the carelesse rowling of thine eyes?
Thy louing sorow, foulding of thine armes?
Thy suddaine sighs, thy wauering countenance?
Now all thy blood doth ebbe into thy heart,
Now all thy blushing visage ouer-flowes,
Speake my Seianus, sauer of my life,
And by my Geneus thou shalt obtaine.

Seia. Feare and allegiance, dutie and affection,
Honour and pittie, loyaltie and loue,
Raife mutuall tumults in my clouen heart.

Tib. Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,
The mutinous dissention of thy feare.

Seian. May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.

Tib. Let Cæsar know, least Cæsar feare in vaine.

Seian. What if my Lord it do concerne my hurt?

Tib. Yet tell to Cæsar who can cure thy hurt.

Seia. I am perswaded that it is but forg'd.

Tib. Well, howsoeuer I commaund thee shew.

Seia. Faulter my tongue thou dolefull instrument,
Infortunate to tell so bad a storie.

Pardon my Lord.

Tib. Seianus I commaund.

And by my Geneus I will be obeyed.

Seia. Then heauens beare witnes what I do record
Comes of no malice nor ambition,
For of mine honour I do thinke it forg'd.
My Lord, since you lay in Campania,
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,
That you will neuer backe returne to Rome,

I could

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I could not gesse on what presumption:
But when I first assaulted Iulia,
And she had swallowed vp the poysonous baight,
Faith then in loue vnto her Ladiship,
I told her that your grace did seeke her death.
Not Menus with the frantike dames of Thrace,
(That in their Dionisian sacrifice,
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)
Raued like Iulia in her passion.

Tib. O how it doth me good to heare her mad!

Scia. May it please your Maiestie to giue me leaue
Here to set downe a dolefull period.

Ti. No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.

Scia. After the furie, anger tooke her throne,
Like a fierce Lion chafte to seeke reuenge,
When wooing me with many honie words,
Of good, and wise, and friend, and debonaire,
Idle sinononimies of womens wit,
She all to prayed my constant secrecie
And I to heare the sumniall exigent,
Swore neuer to reueale her policie
Whilest Iulia and Seianus both should liue.
And I haue kept my promise with her to.
Then did she seeme to wooe me with her lookes,
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.

Tib. If thou concealest but one sillable,
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.

Scia. My Lord, great Iulia said she would preuent
Tiberius in his Tygers crueltie:

She swore my ayde, she swore my secrecie,
Adding a gift to euerie worde she spake:
This Ring, this Signet of Augustus Armes,
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,
Yet Iulia you know my Lord was wise,
And all may be but forged pollicie:

The Tragicall life and death

She said how she deuised had the plot,
In this Campanian cession:
(Oh Gods fortend) to end Tiberius daies?

Tib. Tis well Sejanus thee's — but proceede.

Seia. The day before the blustering Ides of March
Which as I take it, this day is expired.

(That made me poste so hastily from Rome)

On this same fatall day, olde Iulia swore,

Hir Sonne Tiberius should be poysoned.

But by whose means, my Lord I must conceale;

For of mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. Conceale a Traytor, and my guard shal lop
Thy ioynted carkasse: goe too tel me all.

Seia. Why then my Lord, imagine all is false,

And what I say, is all but countesfaite.

Doe not conceiue that Drusus your deare sonne,

Aspires to be a present Emperour:

Beleeue not that this day he makes a feast,

Where mightie Cæsar, should be poysoned.

Thinke not that Spado that Twig soone bent to fl,

Is now corrupted to performe the act,

Who tasting first vnto your Maiestie,

With a Vine-branch enfolded on his arme

Will squease in poysonous drugs to slay my Lord,

Imagine this to be a lying dreame,

Though Iulia sware and vow'd it should be so,

And made great ioyance, that it should be so;

Beleeue it not surely she said not true,

For on mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.

Tiber. No, no, Sejanus, I haue well obseru'd,

The haughtie stomacke of th' aspiring Boy,

But Ile pull downe his lofty crested plumes,

And teach him homage to his soueraigne.

How dare the stragling elfe, once looke on mee,

And not be turn'd into an Aspen leate,

To tremble at each breathed syllable?

Seia. Be

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Seia. Be patient good my Lord, perhaps tis false:
Or be it true, as who would once conceiue,
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts?
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,
Forgiue Phraates his rebellious Sonne?
Did not Iugurthus father, often checke
His high aspiring thoughts? yet him forgauē:

Tiber. Talke offorgiuēesse in some pettie Kings
Not in the state of mightie Emperors,
This day he doeth prouide Thyestas feast,
And bids his father to the bloudy cates.
*Per*swade me not, *Seianus* I will goe,
I haue already promis'd him to come,
And if the villaine offer me these drugs,
He make him swill the cup, I should carrouse.

Enter Spado toward them.

But heere comes Spado his fine instrument,
See where his Garland is, ile stab the Slaue.

Seia. No good my Lord, how can you then inquire
The hatefull Treasons of your wicked Sonne?

Tib. Tis true *Seianus*, I will hold my hands.

Seia. Oh how I fear'd I should haue beene betraid

Spad. Euer Augustus! Drusus royall banquet,
Requires the presence of Tiberius.

Tiber. Spado we come.

They draw aside the arras, and banquet on the stage.
Spado testeth to Tiberius, and after misuseth the poysen.

Spe. My Lord, yong Drusus wisheth happinesse,
To Nero Caesar in this Cup of wine.

Tiber. Drusus doe thou begin vnto Tiberius.

Drus. My Lord may't please you here is other wine.

Tiber. But taste of this my Sonne, I'm sure tis good.

Drus. Here is the like my gracious Lord beside.

The Tragical life and death

Tiber. It may be like, but not so altogether.

Drus. Tis of the same.

Tiber. Well, please my humor Sonne.

Drus. Why good my Lord.

Tiber. By loue ile haue it so. *He drinketh and falls downe, Seianus stabbeth Spado.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is the Emperour? Augusta is deade.

Tib. Go tell that newes to Proserpine. *Stabs him.*

Another Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caesar? great Germanicus is dead.

Tiber. Commend me to Germanicus. *Stabs him.*

Another Messenger.

Mess. Where's Nero, Piso is by the Plebeians slaine

Tibe. Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his flesh and thine. *Stabs him.*

Another.

Mess. Where is Tiberius? where is Caesars grace? Afinius and Sabinus both are dead.

Ti. Go greet the both thus frō Tiberius. *Stabs him.*

How now what newes bringst thou? speak villain speake.

Seianus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Seianus cryeth out, and Nero stareth on him.

Scia. No newes my Lord, I am Seianus I, I sau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus.

Tib. Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend, The headlong furie of a troubled soule, I dare not trust my selfe to see my Sonne.

O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented?

Sejanus I must ride in poste to Rome,

To reigne the furie of the common heard,

Seethese foule carkasses be buried.

Go to Sejanus, when I haue my will, *He speaketh this aside.*

Ile make thee Patterne of thy Villaines.

Meane

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Meane while I will to Rome to finde the bookes,
Augustus wrote and left with Iulia. *Exit Tiberius.*

Sen. Why this is well, Germanicus is gone
With Iulia and with Drusus into hell.

Follow Sejanus, Noe: thy wits I meane,
Alas poore Drusus, troth I pittie thee,
And Spado too, me thinkes now I could weepe,
But that it is too womanly: this chopping boy
Whome I corrupted for this Stratageme,
I did him a great fauour, had he liued
Tiberius would haue had him tortured,
Hang'd by the Nauell for confession.

Drusus, for thee, I could haue wisht thy life,
But reason did in force thy destinie.

First that thou wert heire to Tiberius:

Next an obseruer of my secrecies,

Thurdly thy Liua, that Queene of beautie,

The eldest Daughter to Germanicus,

Sejanus secret friend, thy secret foe,

Next to Germanicus, heyre to the Crowne,

Thy sometime, now my wife, if heauens agree,

To make me heire vnto a Princes Throne,

Nay more, an Empyre thus shall be mine owne:

Fourthly the blow which I receiue'd in peace,

Vntill reuenge might satisfie my will:

All these, or any were sufficient:

I am sorry, I haue vs'd thee too too well,

Now to the summe, of all my foes are left:

Tiberius Caesar, with him Agripina,

Nero and Drusus the Germanici.

Then thus the fierce enrag'd Germanici,

I will insence against Tiberius.

As the sole agent in their fathers death,

Shew them the fauours of the Senators,

The Plebeians harts in chained to their becke,

Faire baits for to allure their young conceites.

Rebellion

The Tragicall life and death

Rebellion Ile intitle honourable,
And if that we obtaine the victorie
As I haue bound them Legions to mine hoast,
Then will I haue my spies, my fawning Curs,
My hireling hell-hounds in the battailes heate,
To murder both the yong Germanici.
Tiberius vanquish't, and these made away,
Cæsar Seianus, Emperresse Liuia. *Exit Seianus.*

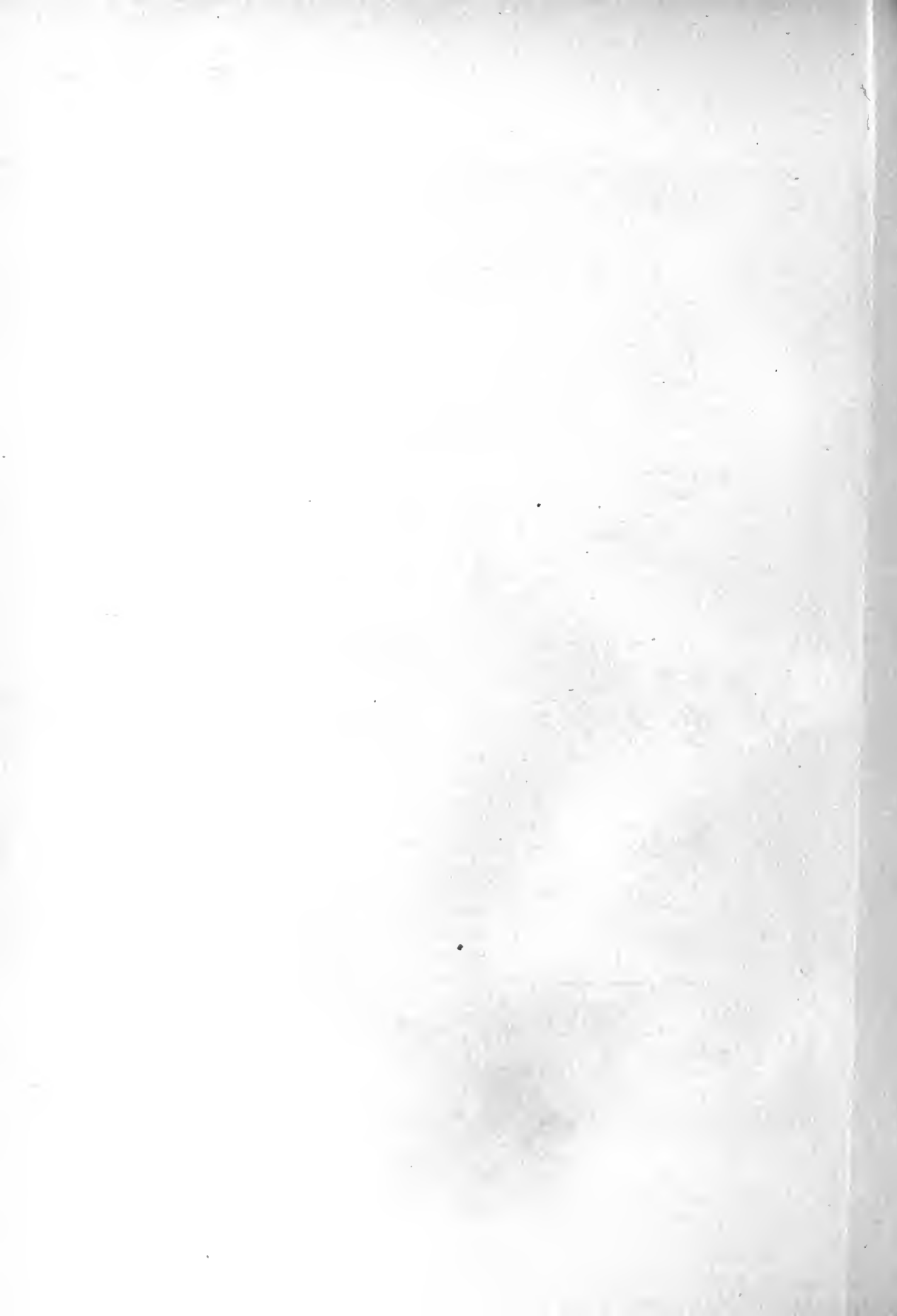
Enter Caligula solus.

Calig. Now pleased by fit occasion,
Poure forth the treasures of thy inward thoughts,
Which too too long haue beene imprisoned,
Now muse on Romes ensuing miseries,
Tiberius treasons, and thy fathers death,
Thy brothers danger, and thine owne contempt,
And musing, meditate vpon reuenge,
Banish harts quiet from thy sleeping thoughts,
Vntill thy thoughts be satisfied with blood.
Nero I come, inspire me iustest rage:
And Rome shall tremble at Caligula. *Exit Calig.*

Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Drusus Germanici.

Seian. Nero, Drusus, Drusus, Nero, both are one,
Or one or both, for both I know are one:
And what I speake to one I speake to both.
Nay, heare me out for what I speake is true,
Piso did poyson great Germanicus
Your father, Neros sonne and my good Lord,
I, by Tiberius pollicie.
Lo here the pardon made for Piso drawne,
Which Iulia dying did to me commend,
What shall I speake to moue you to reuenge,
The Senat is deuoted to your stocke,
The common people in soft murmuring,
Like Bees doe seeke the honie of your Hiuies,
What if some Wasps doe moue Tiberius?

I haue



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I haue a swarme maugre these lazie droanes:
I haue the Legions at Seianus becke,
And for my sake, and specially for yours,
I know they will euibrate all their force,
Besides the honour of your Countries good,
Exile the tyrant, so did Cassius,
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,
The Senators, and the Plebians:
If all may moue you, courage noble hearts;
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,
Romanes haue valiant and vndaunted minds.

Nero. Brother a word with you:—*Takes him aside*

Seia. I go, consult, whilst I centuriate
A thousand nets to catch such tender fooles.

Nero. Drusus how dost thou like Seianus gesture?

Drus. Faith like his words, for both are counterfet.

Nero. Vpon my life Tiberius sent the slave.

Drus. Tis so by loue, tis so, looke brother, see
How the damnd villain fleares, & laughs, & lowres
Wele first begin with him, & the for Nero: *They be-*

Nero. Brother content, and now be resolute, *ginto*
But here comes Iulius Celsus, hold thy hand. *draw.*

Enter Iulius Celsus.

Celsus. Flie, flie Seianus, Iulius bids thee flie:

Nero hath found thy death in Iuliaes house,

I meane, the cause of death, thy trecheries,

The letter that thou sent'st to Liuius:

Away, shift for thy selfe, and so will I. *Exit.*

Seia. Hath he found that? Seianus curse thy selfe,

The lower world, and the highest heauen.

That he hath found them; die, consume, and burne.

I heare the noife of horses, they are here,

A plague vpon them all, then here away. *Exit*

Ne. Brother away, 'tis time, we may suspect. *Exeunt*

Seianus looks in at the doore, and speaketh.

L

Seia. Hell

The Tragicall life and death

Sei. Hell yawne and swallow them: that way I am
This way the dogs wil bark. & so betray me: (stop,
The geefewill gaggle, if I flie this way.
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound the:
Oh for the seauen-way house of Hannibal!
Sejanus kill thy selfe, oh no I dare not,
Would I were an Asse to beare: so I am.
I am not: I flie, I dare not: I cannot, I must. *Exit.*

Enter Tiberius with his guard pursuing Sejanus.
Tib. Haft for your liues, seeke, search, enquire, stop
Misdoubt, examine, spie, watch, haue a care, stay,
And if he passe, not one of you shall scape
Th' extreamest torments that I can inflict.
Poast poast, away some to the Capitoll,
Some to port Esquiline, mount Pallatine,
Watch, watch the streetes, the Drusian streetes,
Hie to the Altars, the Ægerian wood:
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,
Some where, any where, euery where, away, away.

Enter Sejanus: the guard besets all the doores, he draweth and proffereth to come diuers wayes: at last rusheth on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.
Seia. Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:
here swallow vp a liuing sacrifice,
Grac'd with an Heccatombe of slaughtered slaues,
Hold sword Sejanus barter death for death.
Ti. So, bind the traitor fast in Iron chaines,
Now slaue of honor, ground of Infamie,
Obloquies subject, and faire dealings shame,
Nay heare me villaine, for thou must, and shalt.
Seia. Must, shal, and will, for I am bound to doe it.
Tib. I, and to beare what euer I inflict.
Sei. Strik quickly, & strike home, I wait the stroke
And shall embrace the instrument of death,
And

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

And neuer grieue to droune it in my blood;
So that the streamie spirits that ascend,
Were of sufficient force to strangle thee:

Tib. Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee!

Seia. I craue no pittie, neither feare thy pride,
Whose pittie onely serueth for a truce,
To leuie new supply of tyrannie.

Tib. The man begins to play the Orator,
Get him a Throne to grace his eloquence.

Seia. This kind of curtesie I will accept.

Tib. Yet shall you not perform't except I will:

Seia. If Tygers issue thou shouldst cut out my tungs
And rob my thoughts of their Ambassador,
The boundlesse Ocean of my swelling thoughts,
(Enraged with the malice of my heart)
Would ouerflow my breasts immuring bankes,
To make relation of thy villanie.

Tib. Oh terrible reuenge, intollerable.

But I shall vndergoe it as I may,
And here and there still as you glaunce at me,
But touch a little your owne villainies,
And therein play the true Historian.

Tut, courage man, why dost thou not begin?

Seia. Bidst thou begin, who long will with me end,
Ere I haue ript vp halfe thy villainies:

Which neuer will haue end vntill thou end.

Oh hadst thou ended ere thou hadst begun,

So many euils had not chaunc'd in Rome:

Then had not Vestaes Tapers beene defil'd,

North' Altars turnd to irreligious vses:

When thou didst make her neuer dying lampes,

Serue for the Torches to thy burning lust,

The whilest her Temple made a brothel-house,

And all her virgins prostitute to thee.

But these are but thy meanest outrages,

Wrought in thy villainous minoritie

The Tragicall life and death

Thy Cleopatrea cates could scarce digest,
Without a measure daunc'd by naked trulls,
To feed thy glutton-eyes immodest gaze.

Tib. And where was then Sejanus, holy man?

Seia. Herein I doe accuse my selfe of guilt.

Tib. Beshrew thy hatefull head for doing it.

Seia. Bale to thy hatefull heart for causing it.

Tib. Thy plotting head for so inuening it.

Seia. Thy bloodie mind for so concluding it.

Tib. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Seia. And on Sejanus for effecting it.

Yet villaine doe I curse my cursed selfe

Downe poyssed by the execrations

Of those that thou by me hast murdered?

Tib. Beleeue him sirs, may be he speaketh truth.

Seia. It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.

Caius, and Lucius, were murdered,

And Agripina, by Tiberius.

So poysoned Germanicus was slaine.

Sabinus, and Asinius were dispatch'd,

And Iulia for her sonne Tiberius.

And so thou louedst Drusus thine owne sonne,

To sucke his bloud in whose death still I ioy,

To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant.

Poore Prince vniustly doom'd to suddaine death,

Which in his life he onely this deseru'd

By giuing me a whirret on the eare:

But as for treasons ignominious spot

against thy selfe, thy life or Diademe,

His innocent thoughts neuer were tainted with.

Ti. Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & griefe

Seia. Onely for this.

(*Aside.*)

Tib. Onely for this! O furie teach my tougue,

To breath eternall curses on his soule.

Seia. O how I triumph in soule-pleasing ioy,

That herein yet I die not vnreueng'd.

Imade

of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

I made him die for mine owne proper fault,
For know Tiberius as in all the rest,
So in thy Sonne Drusus sad Tragedie,
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,
To swim vnto the Throne of Maiestie,
And from thy hand rend the imperiall crowne.

Tib. Here is the Catalogue of his deserts,
Tis pittie but he were an Emperour.

Spurius———*He whispers in his eare, & Exit Spurius*
Make haste, I charge thee on thy life.
Herein I must detract from pollicie,
And Fortune attribute the cause to thee,
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.

Seia. Reuenge! alas thou maist perhaps on me,
Inflit th' extremitie of punishment,
And rid thee so of one peece of thy feare,
But yet thou canst not scape deserued death,
For from the Phoenix ashes of their Sire,
The heart reuiued young Germanici
Wife Nero, and fierce Drusus arm'd with rage,
Come like a lightning to consume thy state.

Tiber. Soldiers pursue them ere they passe the
To ioyne themselves vnto the Legions. *(walle)*

Seia. Why lunaticke Vsurper of the Crowne,
They are the lawfull heires vnto the state,
Thou but adopted by false treacherie,
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne,
For both but false, and both but villanie.

Tibe. Thou doost me wrong Sejanus to vpbraid
With Ignominious Title of ingrate. *(me thus,*
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.

Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.
Who, I Vsurpe your Crowne and your estate?
I were not fit to liue and if I should.
Therefore my Majsters, heere before you all,

The Tragicall life and death

I doe resignemy crowne imperiall
Vnto Sejanus, and doe inuest him Cæsar,

He sets the burning Crowne vpon his head.

All haile Sejanus, Romes great Emperour.

Seia. Al haile: Hell, Death, Destruction plague
Let all the tortures, torments, punishments: (you al
In earth, in heauen, in hell, reuenge my death,
Whose burning paine torments me not so much
as that there comes not from my scalded braines,
Sufficient smoake to smother all of you. *He dyes.*

Tibe. So dye thy Curses with thy cursed selfe,
Now one goe cast, his bodye in to Tiber,
The rest goe with me, tis high time to hast. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agripina sola. *(omnes*

Agri. Oh heauens! and if that any power be higher!
O earth! and if that any lower lye?
Melt heauens into a showre of supple balme.
Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leaues,
Too foolish Agripina to complaine,
Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and al in vaine.
This earthly hart, it is my pleasing earth.

She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus

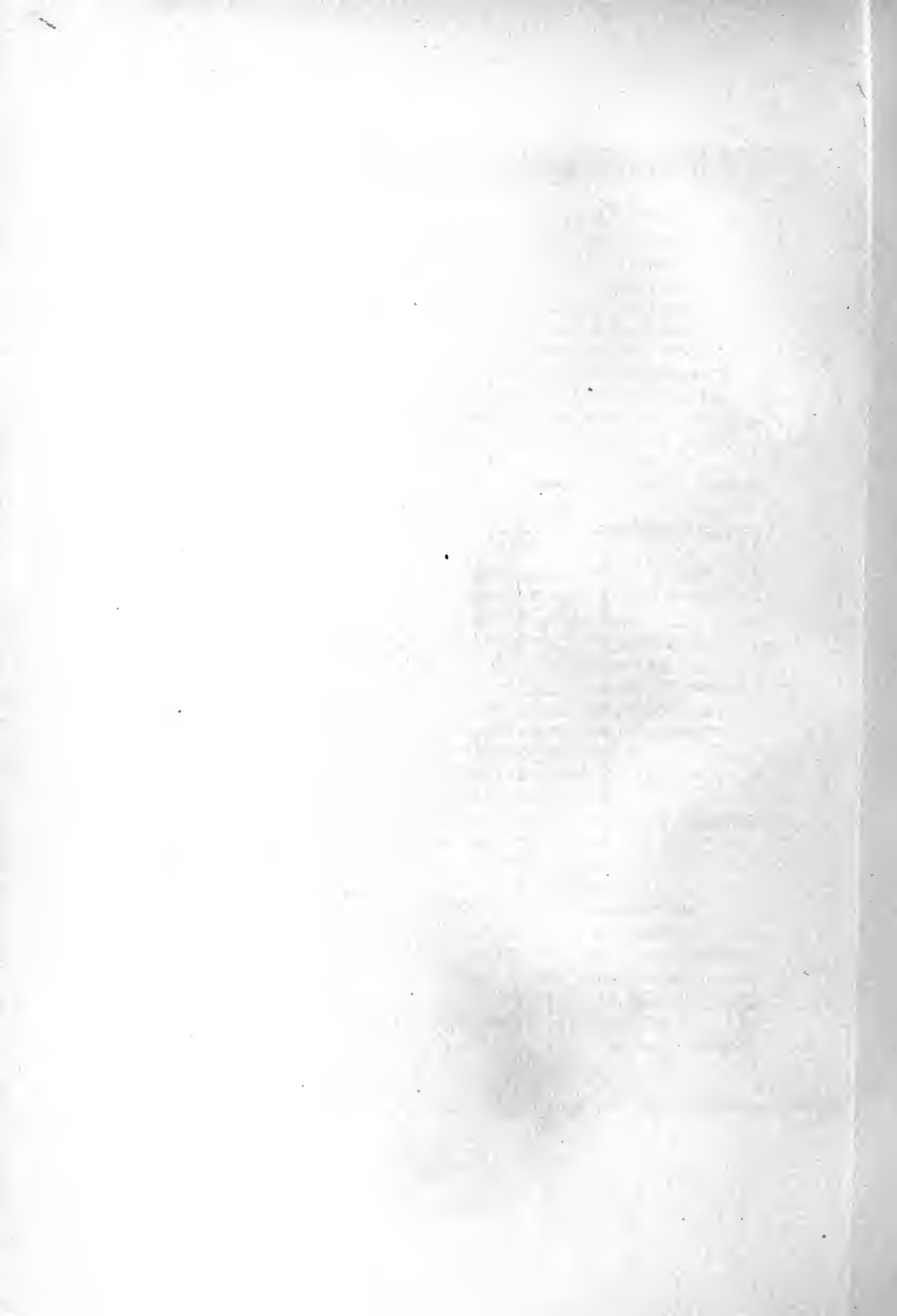
This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy:
This balme, this Cassia, this is sweetest Myrrhe
When I forget to ioy in this respect,
Heauē, Earth, Nepenthaes all dome neglect
O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!
To whome, and when, and where shall I complaine?
I know not, and againe I knowe,
For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.

Enter Marco.

Macr. Madam, Tiberius Cæsars maiestie,
Sent me to tell you of his neare approach.

Agri. Wil Nero come? where are his torturs then?
His rod, his Hatchets Racks, gyues, manacles,
Whips, Gridirōs, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, beares
And all his vnquoth new found Messengers,

Which



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which bloody Phallaris could nere inuent?
Can faire Pallantias leaue her Lucifer,
Or Phœbus shine, and not Aurora rise?
Tush you are much deceiu'd, Nero will not come.

Macro. Lady, my heart doth yearne to here your
To surge in billowes of such bitter waues. (griefe,
And ———

Agri. And what? good Gentleman, tel out the rest:
What, will you set a ship vpon my Sea,
Fraught with a thousand Tunne of heauie cares,
And with a sharpe tempestious Romaine winde,
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,
Then glide vppon the yce and so to land,
And sowe these seedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay,
Then in pursuing of this faintie soyle,
Stay vntill haruest, and in Autumne sheare
This fruitfull Corne, and so returne againe.
But Agripina, these fond humors leaue,
Macro, my griefe my senses halfe bereaue.

Macro. True Agripina, *Macro* much did wonder,
The variable passions of sad sorrow,
That I lament the tragicke historie,
This dolefull faltering Engine should impart,
Nero will hether come vnder pretext,
To comfort, but to trie your patience.
He hath an Apple in such sirrop dipt,
Which he in kindenes meanes to offer you:

If you accept, accept a present death:
If you denie, heele take exceptions,
Against your faith, and subiects loyaltie.
Dreadfull Dilemma, counsell as you may.
I doubt that Nero wil misdoubt my stay. *Exi Macro.*

Agri. Dares he not stay? O monstrous periurie!
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne?
By Saturnes sighe, and Venus golden belt?

Mercurius

The Tragical life and death

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,
That he would stay with me. O periury!
Nero make hast: yet stay, ile paire my Nailes,
Least that I set my tallents on his face,
And spoile Narcissus comely personage.
He will giue me an Aple, ile giue him ———
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile giue him
A Chesnut, and heele cracke the riuen shell,
And twixt his Millstones, grinde the yealding meat
Germanicus, oh my Drusus! oh my Deare,
Nero, no! Nero Caesar will visite me,
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailes.
Quailes! noe with Apples so he comes:
I shall be cram'd to day.

*Enter Tiberius with his attendants Spurius & Nerua,
Macro and Caligula following after.*

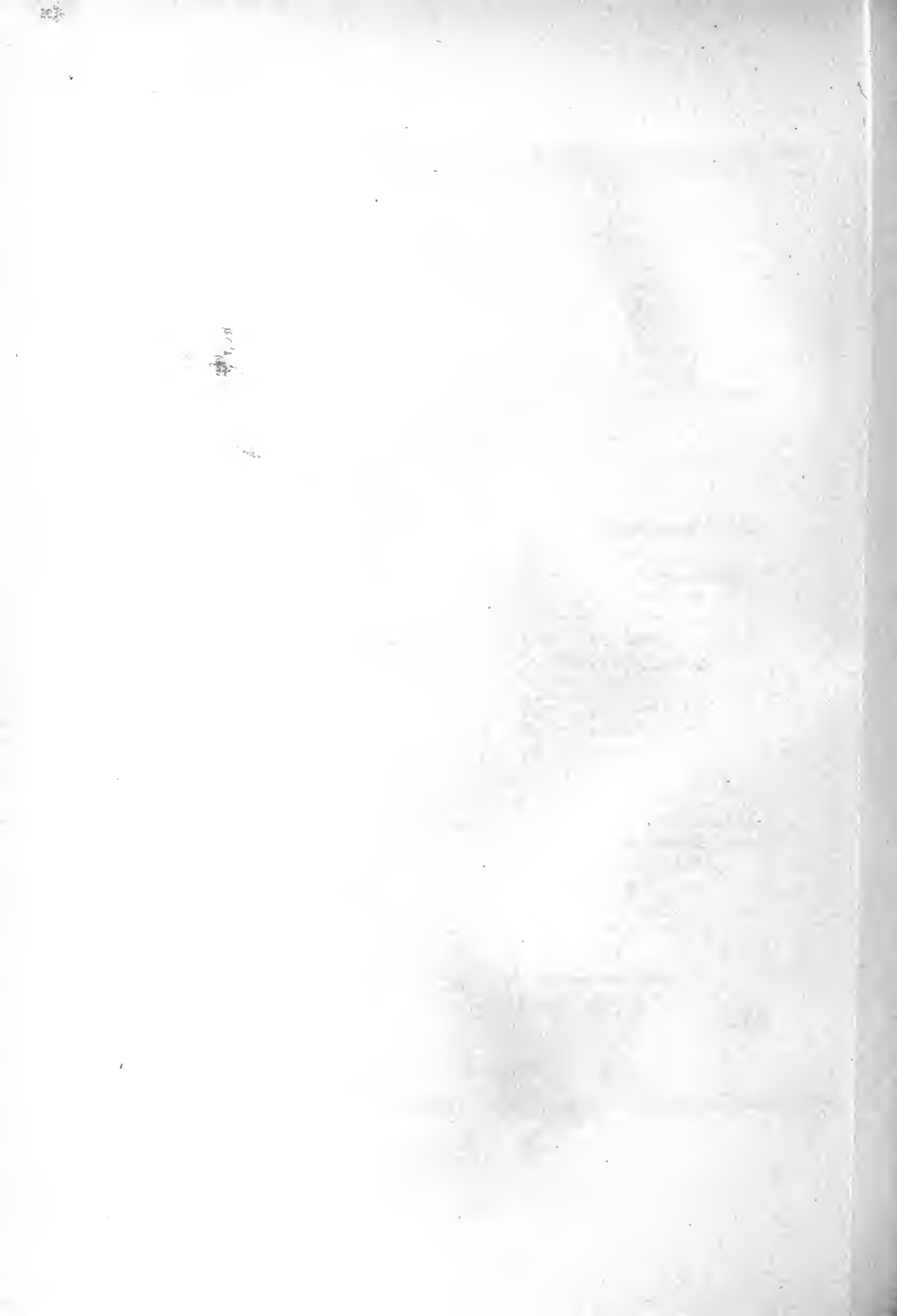
Tiber. Faire Daughter Agripina, you doe wrong
That spotlesse beautie with congealed teares.
Blotting those Rubies with dissolued pearles,
Stayning those Roses with such Christal streames.
Is not the world subject to Romaine power?
And thou the Daughter of the Emperour,
And so th' imperiall Mistresse of the world?
Then Agripina but commaund the world?
and all the world shall seeke to comfort thee.

Agri. Nero, not all the world can comfort me,
Since all the world hath lost my comforter.

Tiber. Hath all the world? what did your Lord as-
Daughter, you cannot rule vnlesse you raigne. (pire?)

Agri. Blush not deare Ensigne of my modestie,
Shame light on me if that I be asham'd,
Since thou wilt neuer be asham'd of shame,
My Lord Germanicus did he aspire?
No Nero no, there lurkes the fistula
Offawning hatred that did murther him.
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?

Did



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Did he not homage to Tiberius?
Did he not loue his countrie past compare?
Courteous and milde, and too obsequious?
Too well beloued and too credulous?
and therefore murdered.

Tiber. Nay stay a while,
And breath, and raile, and raile and breath againe,
and then I hope your Ladyship will stay,
Meane while, hold, heeres an apple to refresh
The dried vapours of your fuming head.
Eate it and breath, eate it and raile againe,
Doe so faire Daughter to allay your paine.
Words ease the stomacke.

Agrip. So must they mine:
Or else my heart would breake in vile dispite.
Monster of Monsters, ill is too too good,
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:
Nature could neuer finde a man so bad,
That might resemble thy foule Villanies.
Toade, Crockadile, Aspe, Viper, Basiliske,
Too hol some, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,
For Neroes poyson, furie, enuy, wrath.

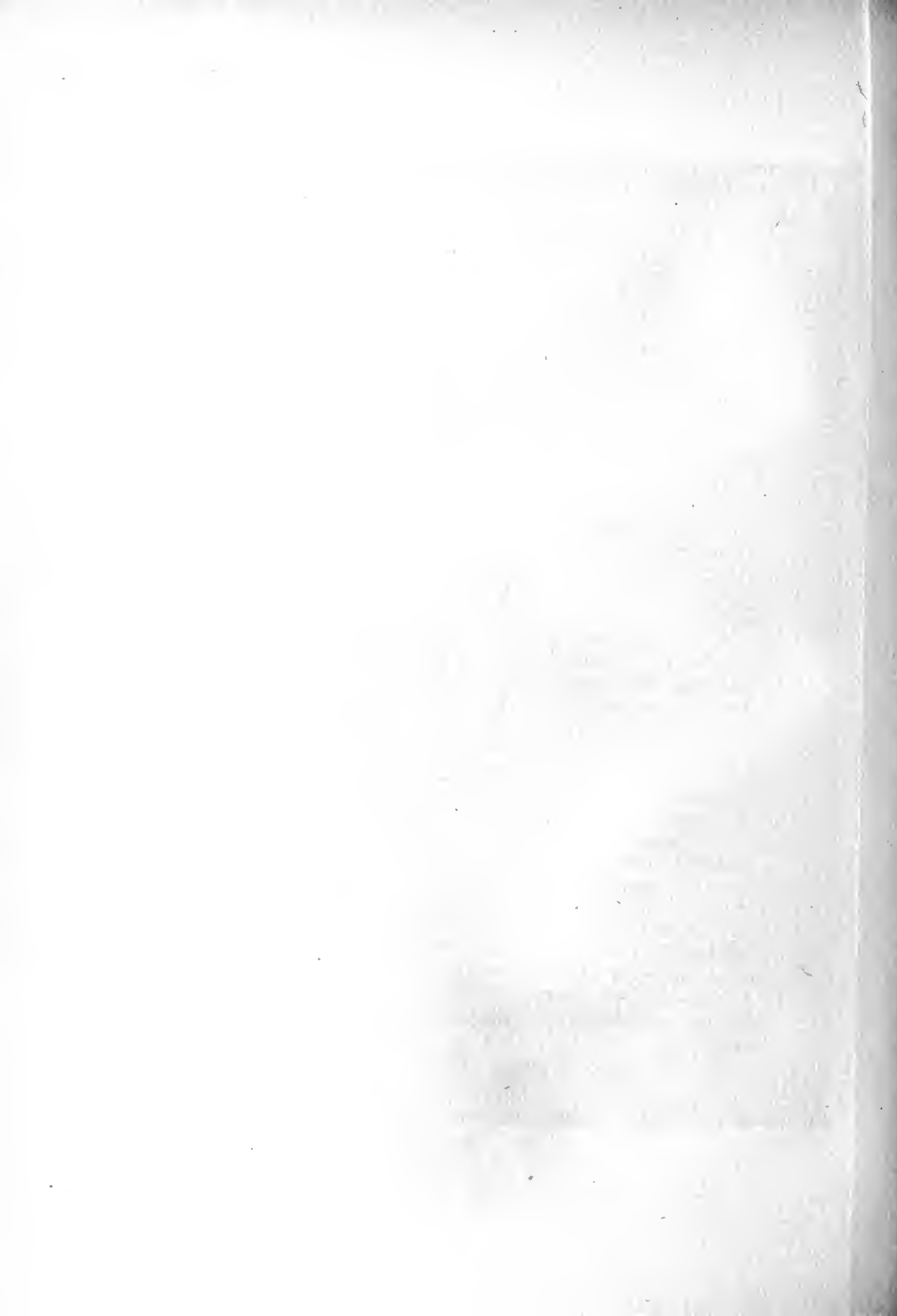
Tibe. Woman, I listen much vnto thy Taunts,
Yet know that I haue Pandaturia,
There, babble to the wind, thy foolish moanes,
There in some desert make thy Elegies,
Tune them vnto the puling harmony,
Of the lamenting consort bred in Thrace:
Rome shall not heare thy yelling execrations,
Before Enos shall foure times be washt,
In Nereus fountaine with Hiperion,
Vpon thy life see that thou see not Rome,
But banisht, backe to pandaturia.

Agri. First let the head of Nilus be reueal'd,
Let Tiber flowe in Egypt, Nile in Rome,
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,

The Tragicall life and death

All to confusion, let heauen turne to hell,
And which is more and most Prodigious,
Let Nero thinke one thought of honestie,
If Agripina yeeld to bannishment.
Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?
Did not the Parthian King admonish thee?
Thou wert a villaine, and thou sworst twas true,
Doth not each night with dreames of thy foule sins
Torment thy soule with gaffly Spectacles?
Cajus, Lucius, Augustus, Iulia,
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,
Solicite Pluto for thy deeper reuenge?
They doe, they doe, and all the furies shake
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.
If there be heauen, be sure of Nemesis :
If there be hell be sure to be tormented,
With balefull tortors neuer yet inuented. (breath?)
Tibe. Not all this while, good Daughter out of
Wel, speake thy last, that Rome shal here thee prate
Agrip. My last fond Tyrant know that I wil speake
In spite of Nero, in disdaine of Rome,
Nero the Butcher, bloody shambles Rome,
Who sells the fayrest ware at meanest price.
Tibe. I, and because peeuish wilfull grieffe,
Hath made you somewhat leane, not fit for sale,
You shall to grasse to Pandaturia:
Prouide her hay and water store enough.
Agrip. No, no, what shall I call this hate of earth?
Ile call him Nero, thats the worst of all.
Nero, it shall not neede, I am prouided
Off fairer Cates without thy honest care,
The corne that makes my bread are yellow cares,
Ripened by heate of anger, in my breast,
The barren field of nought but carefull seedes.
My meate the sodden sorrowes of my heart,

Which



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Which boile with soft remembrance of my woes,
And if I play the Epicure in grieve,
My teares shall be the sence of my repasts.
If euer other foode my tongue doe taste:

I euer other foode my stomacke doe concockt:
Let all be turn'd from sustentation,
To fill impostumes with contagious filth.
I tell thee Nero, Agripine will die,
And starue herselfe, and scorne thy bannishment.
Tis two daies since I last did taste of meate,
Curst be my soule, if euer I doe eate.

Tibe. Will you nott see, sirra, go fetch some foode
He make thee curst thy selfe: hold, take, fall too.

Agri. Detested tyrant, I do scorne thy foode.

Tib. Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,
Cut her meate small, and feede her daintily.

Agri. Out villaine. *He feedeth her, and she putteth it*

Tibe. Sirra dispatch I say. *(ent againe)*
Nay, cram her then, & feede her fat withall.

He choaketh her and so she dies.

What hast thou strangled her? here take thy hyre.
Canst thou not feed a Daw no better yett? *Stabs him.*

Nero. Ah, Nero, Nero,

Tib. What Nerua be content,
She chose of this rather then banishment:
And better choake then starue our wilful daughter,
Shee's gone, and if I liue thou shalt goe after. *Aside.*

Exeunt all but Macro and Caligula.

Macro. Barbarous, inhumane, worse then crueltie,
Which Gods and men, mine eyes, and soule, do hate,
What Hyporborian Climate in the North?
What Lidian desart, Indian vastacie?
What wildernesse in wilde Arabia,
So hatefull monster euer nourished,
To hinder willing death by villanie?
Caligula, Changing Caligula,

The Tragical life and death

Where is the Spirit of Germanicus?
Did he beget thee in an idle dreame?
Or did thy Mother thinke it vanitie
As Æthiops Queene vpon Andromeda?
If but one sparke by chance remaine alieue,
If but one drop, one Mathematicke point,
Make vp a Sea; a bodie by addition,
Blow vp (Caligula) this sleepe sparke,
Caligula remember what thou art.

Calig. Macro, Caligula can beare thy taunts,
Can be vpbraided at a Captaines hand,
My Father told me, and I remember it,
The highest vertue is true patience.

I know not what you meane by all these wordes,
That mount my Fathers prayes to the skie,
To liue securely, I deeme that the best,
And a great vertue to be patient.

Macro. Patient Caligula, I am a sham'd,
I am impatient to heare that word,
That noble Title wrested from his sence,
Ah! did not Macro serue Germanicus
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field:
Did not a peale of Trumpets found thy birth:
And Drums make musicke to allay his paines?
Wast thou not train'd fore thou couldest speake,
Didst thou not were a Common Soldiers sute?
And therefore hadst thy name Caligula:
Where is thy Captiue soule imprisoned?
Thy Lyons heart incag'd! no, thou art wise,
Thou deem'st that Nero hath suborn'd my tongue,
To make a glozing Theame of flatterie,
To sift thy secrets, and to sell thy life,
First let the earth open her curst wombe,
and swallow vp this hellish mation.
Let euery step tread on a Scorpion:
Let euery object be a Basiliske:



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Let heauen——what can I wish Caligula?
Here is my poynard: here, be sure strike home,
If thou canst haue but least suspicion
That Macro seekes to vndermine my Lord.
What? shall I now become a Sycophant?

Cali. Macro, Caligula doth not mistrust,
Nor hath he reason to misdoubt thy faith,
But Macro, thus much for Caligula:
Meete me at Fides Temple, there thou shalt know
More, then vnto my mother I durst shew.

Macro. Were it to Thale, I would thether poast,
To heare the sentence of Caligula,
Till then my Lord adiew.

Calig. Farwell Macro.

Exit Macro.

My Father slaine or poysoned in the East,
Liua become a foule adulteresse.
Nero and Drusus fast shut vp in ward,
and thou deere mother heere lyest butchered.
Grow to the earth you feeble instruments. *He kneels*
Till I distill a liquid sacrifice *downe*
From my harts fornance, & these Chrystal streamer.
Ye dry'd vp wels, straine out a little more,
Tis Agripina that you must deplore.
Proud Spirit, bound thy swelling Timpanie,
Till I vnfraght this Galley of laments.
Then cleare thy passage, and burst out in fire,
and make an Earthquake in this little world.
What shall I vow to? to whome shall I lament?
Vnto the Marbles: they doe weepe for sorrow.
Vnto the Waller: they rue themselves with griefe.
Vnto the Beastes: why they would starue themselves
To feede themselves vpon this fading hew.
Marbles and Waller, and beastes more ruth then he,
That was the Author of this Tragedie.

He takes her in his armes and goes in.

Aeneas burthen neuer was so deare,

16

M 3

As

The Tragicall life and death

As this celestiaall burthen which I beare. *Exit.*

Nero and Drusus chained in prison.

Drus. Brother I faint, and now my starued soule,
Seekes for to feed vpon Ambrosia. *(chain'd*

Nero. Dear Drusius, wold mine armes were but vn-
That thou mightst stanch thy hunger on my flesh:
My colder humors feed my gnawing heat,
That I can better yet endure the fast.

See brother I thinke thou maist reach mine arme,
I pray thee feed vpon this leane repast.

Drus. No brother if it would prolong my life,
Till the great yeare when al things must be chang'd
To the Idea of the formers will.

But if thy hungry wolfe doe vexe thy soule,
Feed on these cates, taste on this brawnie arme,
That will reioyce to feede thy appetite.

Nero. Nay brother feed on mine } *They eate each*

Drus. Nay brother mine. } *others armes.*

Enter Caligula againe.

Cal. Boast not Antigone of thy deare loue.
To Polinices thy affected brother,
Whom thou in sight of Creon didst entombe,
I haue entomb'd a farre more precious Iewell,
I in dispite of Nero farre more cruell.

Drus. Ah, Nero, Nero, that dost vs enforce,
To be such louing Romane Canibals,

Cal. Who calles on Nero, wast my mothers ghost?

Nero. Ah cruell Cæsar, brother forgiue, forgiue,
My food digesteth not, nor can I liue.

Cal. Or am I blind, or doe mine eyes behold,
My starued brothers? tis so Caligula.

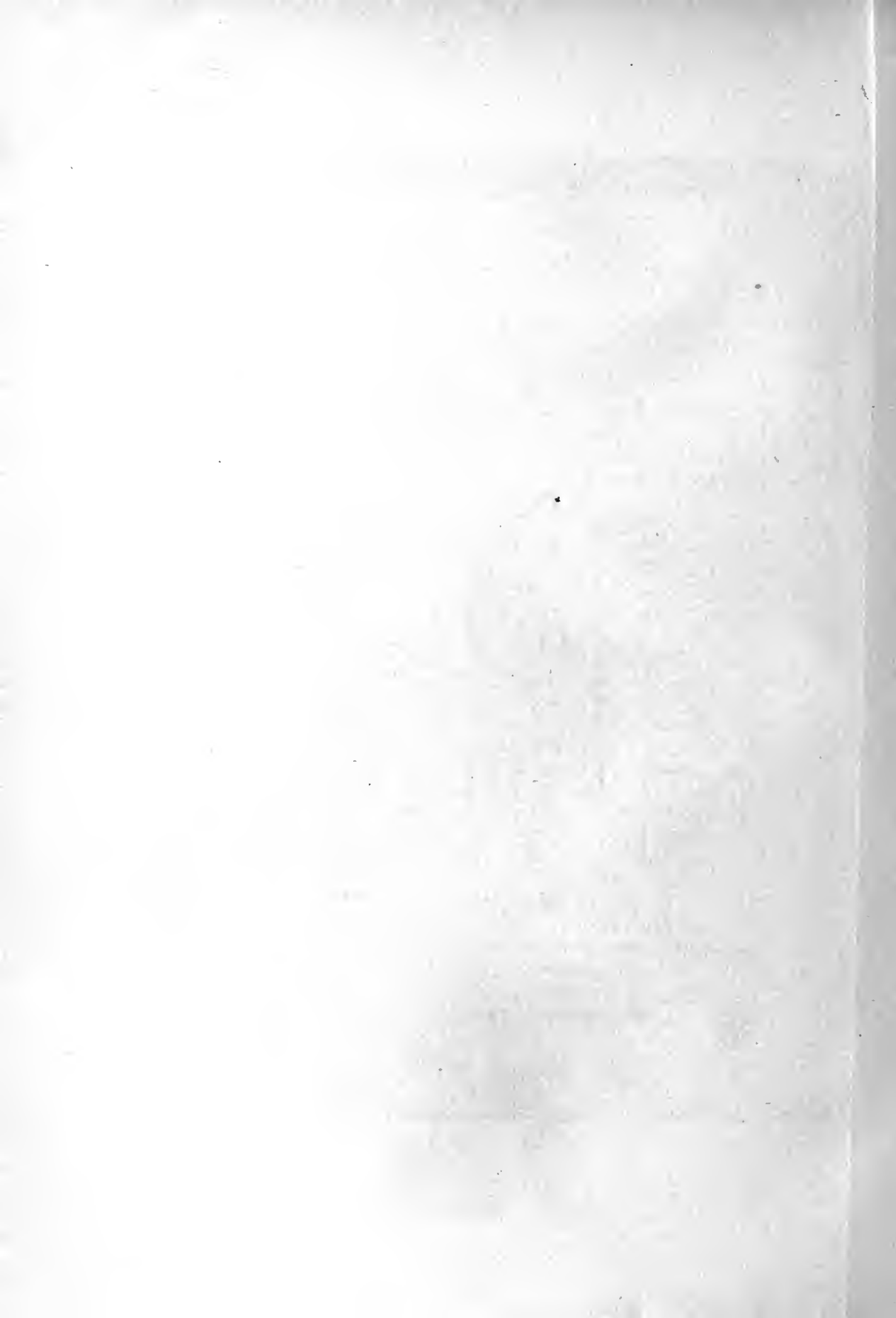
Nero. Brother farewell my glasse of life is run.

Drus. And Ile go with thee to Elizium. *They both die*

Cal. Is there a prouident intelligence?
That rules the world by his eternall being?

Is there a Ioue? and will he not be iust?

Os



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Or is he iust? and will he not reuenge?
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?
Canst thou not moue the heauens? then raise vp hell.

Exit Caligula.

Enter Tiberius with his guard.

Tib. Cocceius Nerua staru'd himselfe to death,
I wonder much what made the old man die,
In truth I lou'd him for his naked truth,
In truth he was an honest simple man.
Well vertue go with him, vice stay with me,
Till I haue massacred my prisoners,
And rooted out all this conspiracie:
Then will I seeme a new reformed man,
And rise betimes each morning to the Temple,
So afterwards I may contriue some drifts.
I haue a Catalogue which I must finde,
And search the prisons whether I haue all.

Iulius Celsus crieth out of prison.

Cel. Ah, Nero, Nero, Celsus begs thine ayde,

Tib. Iulius Celsus what is thy petition?

Cel. An humble suit for your clemencie.

Tib. My clemencie Celsus, Marie and you shall,
I, and great reason for Seianus sake.

Cel. Not in his name I beg compassion,
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,
ah gracious Nero let my Guines be loos'd.

Tib. And Celsus led to execution.

Cel. Ah, no Tiberius, I desire not death,
But better ease in my imprisonment,
For this I beg.

Tib. For whose sake Iulius?

Cel. For mercies sake, and thy deare Genens.

Tib. For that word Iaiier loose his Iron bands,
Or by my Geneus thou shalt loose thy head,

Cel. O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.

Tib. Tis but for a while, know that Iulius.

Cel. Now

The Tragicall life and death

Celsus. Now monster, Tyger, earthes infection,
Plague of the world, scourge of our happie Rome,
Treasons first borne, liels out-spewed vommit,
Prodigious homicide, and murderers lawe,
That makes a sporting lawe to murder men.

Tiber. Holla and breathe, and then beginne again,
Nero shall recompence thee for thy paine.

Celsus. Such Recompence had good Germanicus,
Such Agripina, such had Iulia:
Such Nero, Drusus, and their dearest Mother,
Poore Agripina, wife Ainius:
Sabinus, Nerva, and thy other selfe,
Young Drusus, whose deare blood was once thine
Yet of thine owne hadst no compassion. (owne
And lastly, (though not vnderstanding it)
Yet heerein well deserving at thy hands,
In that he was thy mischiefes instrument:
Haplesse Sejanus too imprudent,
Of his intended fall, thy false intent.
And such a recompence remaines for me,
The meanest subiect of thy Tyrannie.

Tiber. Marie amen, sweare it, an Oracle:

Celsus. But tyrant, Celsus doth contemne thy furie:
My minde was neuer feuer-shooke with feare
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,
I have alreadie arm'd my age to die,
Whose age deemes death the end of miserie.
See therefore Tyger, heeres thy mercies fruite,
The ease I sought, the end of earnest suite.
For this I beg'd, for this I seem'd vnwilling,
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing.
He puts the Chaine about his necke and strangles himself.

Tiber. Wondrous well gain'd, here is good vsury,
Where tis the gainers interest to die:
But Oh for Charitie! Iayler, Soldiers run,
Rescue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet



of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Yet let him goe.

Isiler What is your highnesse will?

Tib. Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,
For Charitie close vp his dying eyes.
Why this it is to haue a pollicie,
Here's a poore plot to preuent crueltie.
And ten to one the villaine vnderstands,
How this will vex me that he scapes my hands.
But let that passe leaue him to Acheron,
His part is past, part of my part's to come.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple.

Cal. Thus haue we interchang'd our mutuall othes
In presence of the Goddesse of all truth:
Macro remember how thou art inioyn'd,
By words, by signes, by letters and by thoughts,
For to adore eternall secrecie.

Macro. And if my Lord misdoubt my secrecie,
Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,
Vnioynt my bodie, and pull out my heart,
That I may neither tell, nor make a signe,
Nor thinke one thought against your royaltie.

Cal. Pardon me Macro, if I somewhat feare,
That hauing all this while securely slept,
Vnder the Canopie of vanitie,
And neuer did impart my secrecie,
To father, mother, or my brethrens
Nerua, Sabinus, or Asinius:
Nero, Seianus, all I haue deceiu'd;
Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.
But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,
The supream relique of Germanicus,
By Agripinaes loathed execution,
By my deare brothers starued carcasses,
By thee, by me, by all the gods, by all:
And if that any number be, more then all.

N

Ioyne

The Tragical life and death

Ioyn to exile this proud Targuius,
Insulting Nero: no not so, no: so:
Yes so it must be, or else murdered,
For nought but death can satisfie my wrongs.

Macro. Like as a Grayhound in his hot pursuite,
Striues to out strip the fearefull flying Doe,
Or as Dianaes gift to Cephalus,
yeare'd to out-run the beaſt of Archadie,
Both ſtriving, yet both ſwifter then the blaſſ,
Diſdaine Boreas in his ſwelling pride,
Shot for the ſiſter of faire Dianire:

So doth the honour of your howering thoughts,
Grudge to be equall'd by my fluttering flight,
Yet good my Lord giue Macro leave to mount,
And ceaze vpon the accoſting ſtooping pray.

Cal. Not ſo, I (*Macro*)is that haue the wrong.

Macro. But I my Lord, ———

Cal. Do not intreat,

Doe not prolong with idle breathing words,
The date of cold reuenges: for euen this night,
Nero ſhall be inroll'd in Philots Court.

In Germanie farre on the Northren ſide,
Within the circuit of a deſart wood,

A wilderneſſe of deadly Baſilisks,

Within this circuit is an helliſh poole,

Cold in the tenth degree: Not ſtrix ſo cold,

Wherein the fearefull Theris drencht her ſonne.

In a Mules hooſe this water haue I kept,

As ſatall drinke to Philips worthie ſonne,

And euen this night this water ſhall reuenge,

The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,

Macro ſlie vnto the Legions, win their hearts,

Perſwade with all thy warlike eloquence,

Aduance our Eagles, and to morrow morne

Approach with them vnto the Capitoll,

Fail not good Macro, but make haſt away.

Thk





of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

This night for Nero or Caligula.

Enter Liuia Solo.

Liuia. Can Liuia still participate this ayre?
Still temporize with fawning miserie?
Still feed on cares, yet still vaine hopes repaire?
Will nothing end my cruell destinie?
What lumpish Saturne did inspire my breath,
Did make me die in life, yet liue in death?

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart
Euaporate the spirits of thy soule,
Weepe out thy braine the substance of thy smart,
That knew thy shame, yet would not sin controule,
Anotamize this Sepulchre of shame,
Soule, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

Is Drusus dead? and yet can Liuia liue?
Sejanus at Elizium, and I stay?
My father murthered? who me life can giue?
My brothers staru'd? Liuia not made away?
Old Heccuba by death could ease her griefe,
And cannot Liuia find out like reliefe?

Can I that flourished like fairest Rose,
Droope like the Lillie beaten downe with raine?
Can I to whom each courtiers tongue would glose,
Endure their scornes, their taunts and vile disdain?
Could Liuia liue, when Liuia was contented?
And cannot Liuia die now shees tormented?

She kneeles downe by the Welles side.

Great Faunus to whose sacred Deitie,
This sanctified groue is consecrate:
Accept the incense of my last pietie,

N 2

The

The Tragical life and death

The best devotion I can dedicate:
Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer:
Many more great, none more sincere can offer.

Not Dido to Sicheus sacrifice,
Nor Cleopatra vnto Anthonie:
Nor great Olympias could this truce dispise,
Nor Sophonisbaes loyall miserie:
Zenobia, Palmiraes noble Queene,
This fatall end of Liuia might be seeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamie,
Cold streames, congeale the rumour of my death,
Thou onely Philomela sing my Tragedie,
Carroll a Dirge for my ekhaled breath:
Faire streames I come, let no man heare my cries,
Let no man shed one teare that Liuia dies.

Here she leapeth in.

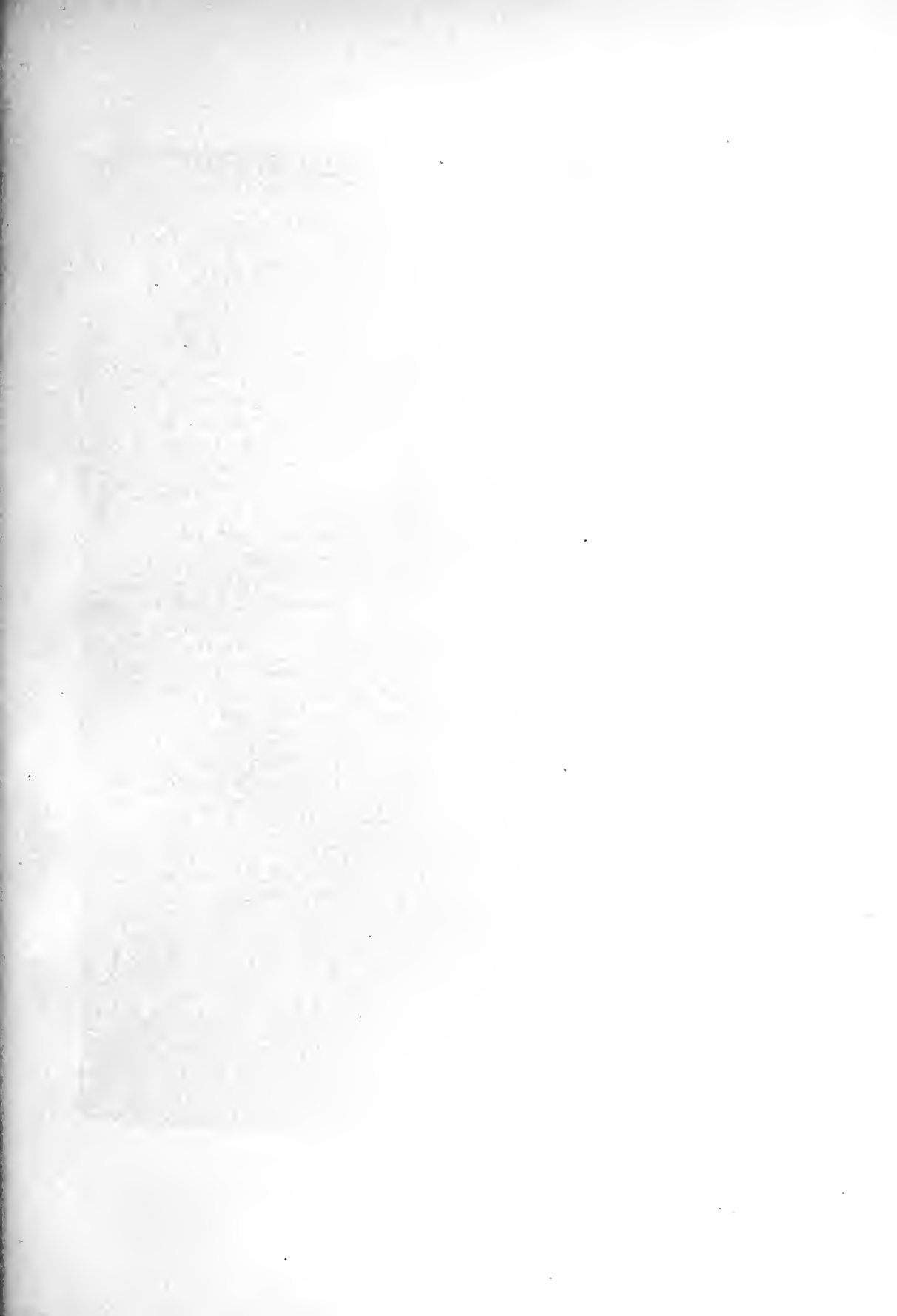
Enter Caligula solus.

Cal. By this, the cruel Tarquine should be sped,
Banisht from Rome and Romane Emperie,
But much I feare, preseruatiues doe stay
The furie of his waterie receipt,
And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole
Was I for to impart my secretie?
O what a villaine was Caligula?
Horror confounds me in this Agonie:
But Ile Catastrophize this Tragedie.
Did not the villaine sweare, and vow, and weepe,
Offer his breast, that I might make a window
To see the cankers of his festred foule,
And thou wouldest not take him at his word?

Enter Macro.

Macro. My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,
For to salute your grace the Emperour.

Cal. Thanks





of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Cali. Thankes Macro, royall friend commaund
them stay,

Till I returne from Nero back againe. *Exit Macro.*

*Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth
sicke, and pulleth aside the Arras.*

Caligula. All happinesse vnto your Majestie.

Tibe. Curst be all happinesse, for I haue none.

I haue a fire, a fire within my bowells,

That burnes, and scalds, and mads me with the paine;

If I must die, yet would I had my wish,

Oh that euen all the people in the world,

Had but one necke that at one deadly blowe,

I might vnpeople all the world and die.

Giue me my handes that I may rent my flesh,

And teare this raging from out my burning intralls

Where is *Æsculapius*? who goes for him?

He hale the leach from hell to cure my paine,

And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,

He burne euen all the Temples of the Gods,

That cannot help the Romaine Emperour.

Calig. Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour,
and be reueng'd on thee Tiberius.

Thou monster Tyrant, thus he help thee thus:

He stops his breath with his sheets, and stabs him.

This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,

This for Nero, this for Drusus, this for Caligula

So, — *Reenters upon the Stage.*

There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,

He raign'd noe day, but some were murdered,

Asking his Maister Zeno a Greeke word,

What Dialect? he answered Dorice,

And therefore killd him, for because he thought

He mockt him for his Rhodtan bannishment.

He loathd wine now, because he swilled goares

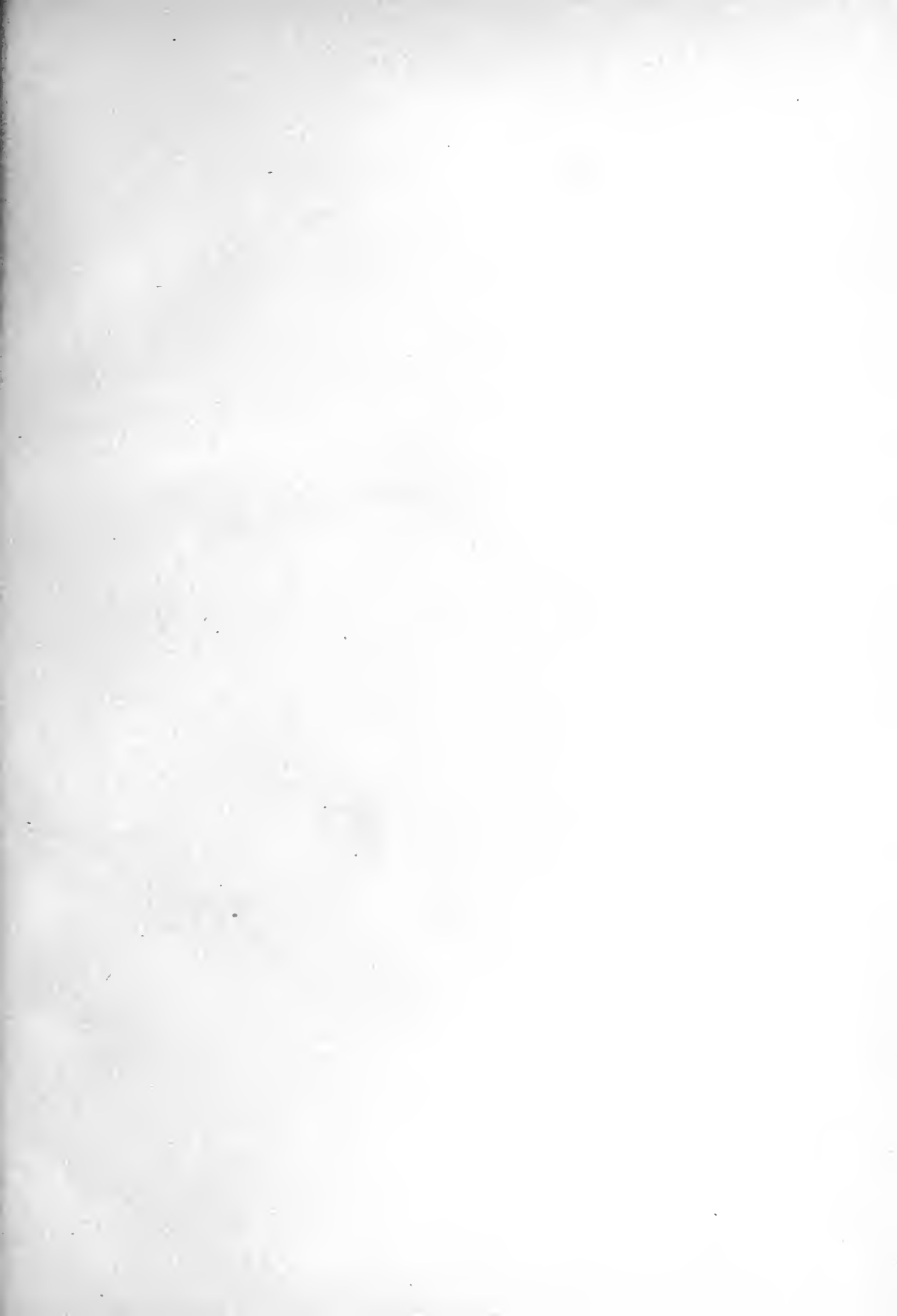
More greedily then he did wine before.

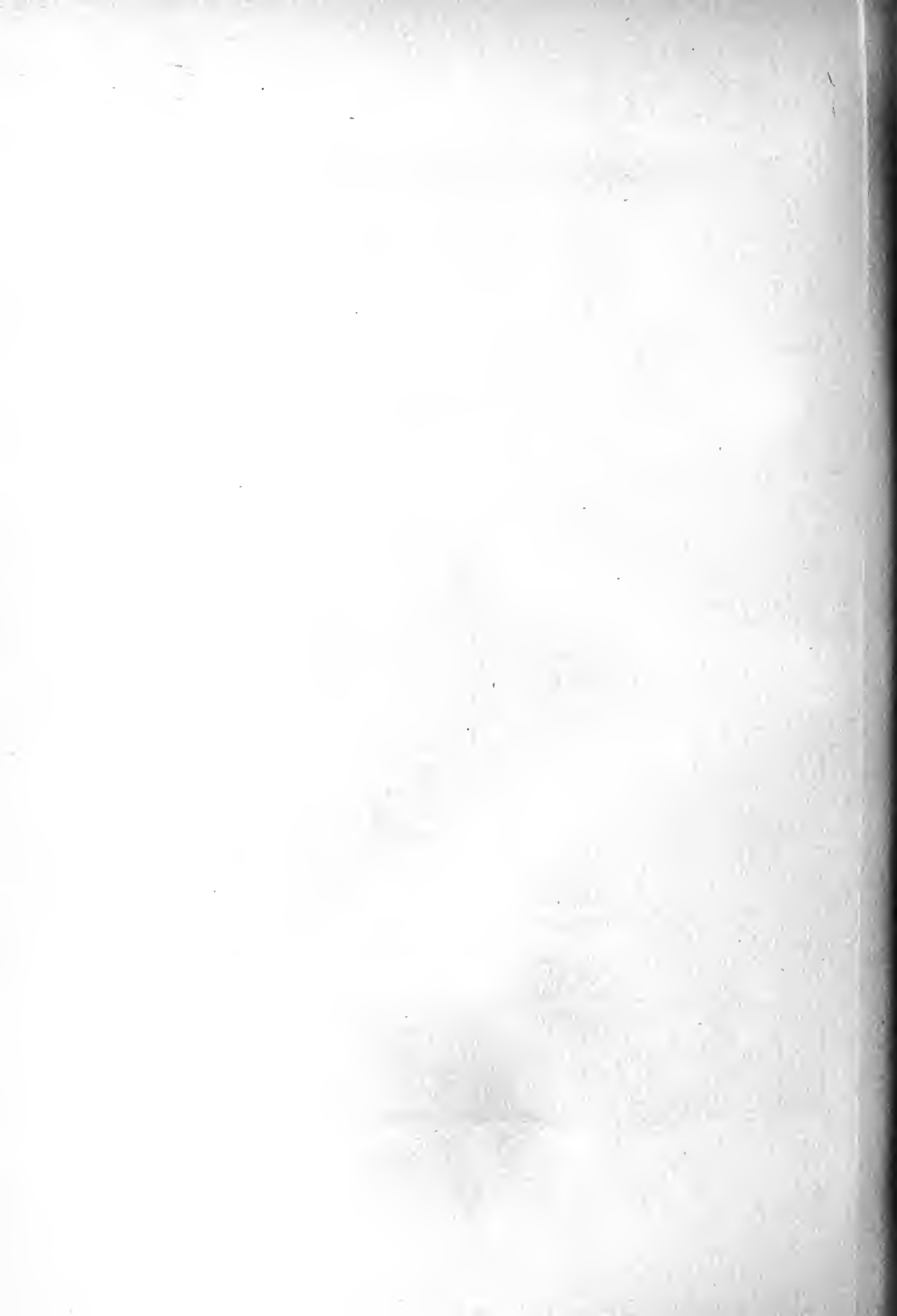
He slue a Poet for this little cause,

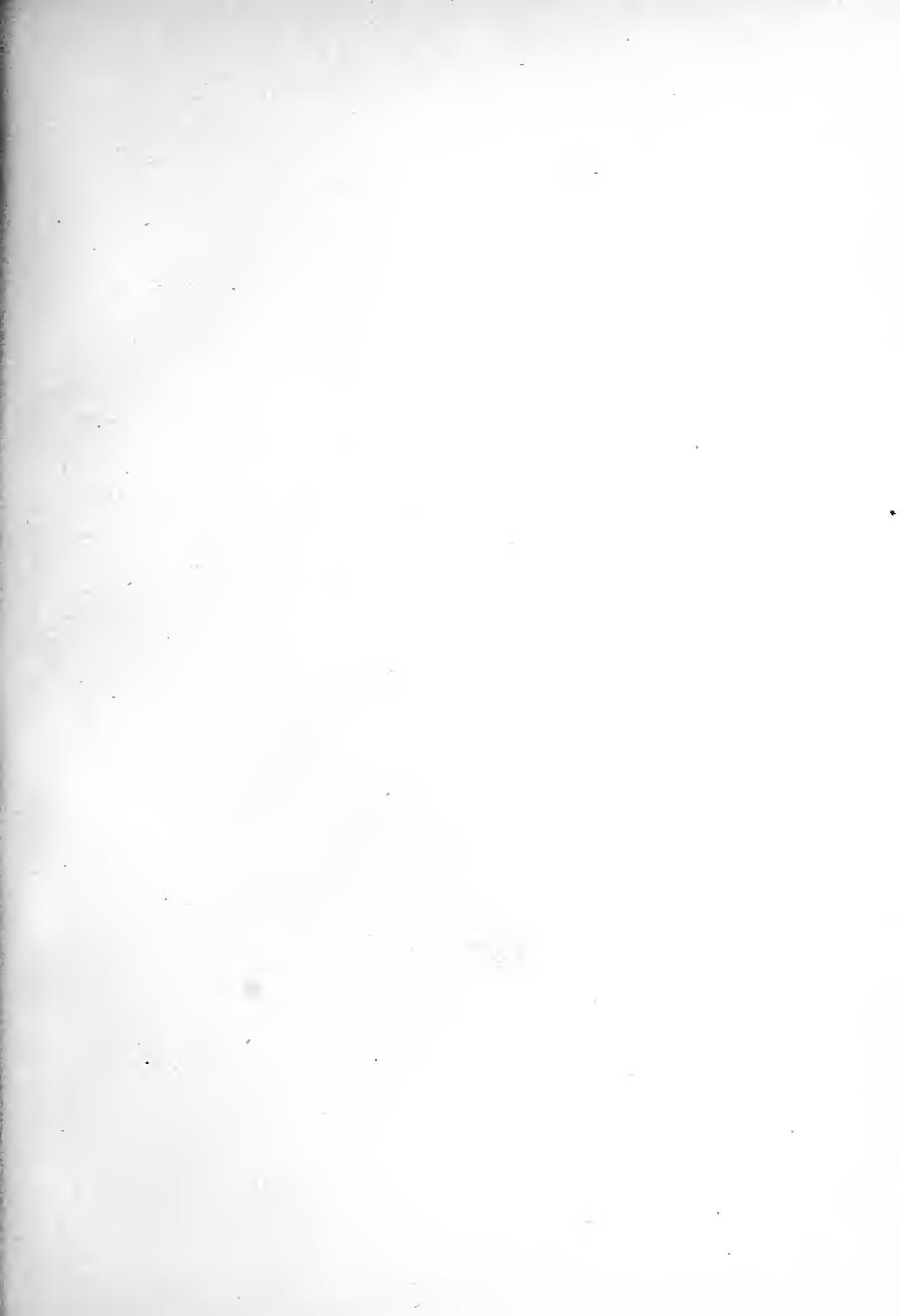
The Tragicall life and death

Because that in a dolefull Tragedie,
Hee rail'd on Agamemnons crueltie.
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,
No vestall Virgin should be strangled,
He for to inuent a crueltie,
Made first the hang-man to deflowre the Maidet.
And then commaunded for to strangle them.
When one had almost kild himselfe for feare,
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.
The tyrant would deny no Witnessse,
If any did accuse twas present death.
When first the Tyrant did possesse the Crowne.
He sent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,
Who cherisht Nero in his banishment.
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,
But in an angrie, fullen, discontent:
Who in a rage made him be tortured:
And whē the villain saw he had wrong'd his friend
He murthered him, that it might be conceald.
He crucified one Peter cald a Saint,
Of holy Iewes, that did adore one Christ,
Which they entitle Sauour of the world.
He kil'd one Pryam (therein happy most,
In that he liued and all his Cuildren lost.)
These and so many more as should I tell,
I should imploy a world to number them,
And still be further with Simonides,
To signifie the certaine multitude.
By these his acts ile iustifie his death,
That I may get Romes royall Empiry,
And to eternall glorie of renowne,
I was a foole, but all to get the Crowne.

Ff N 1 s.



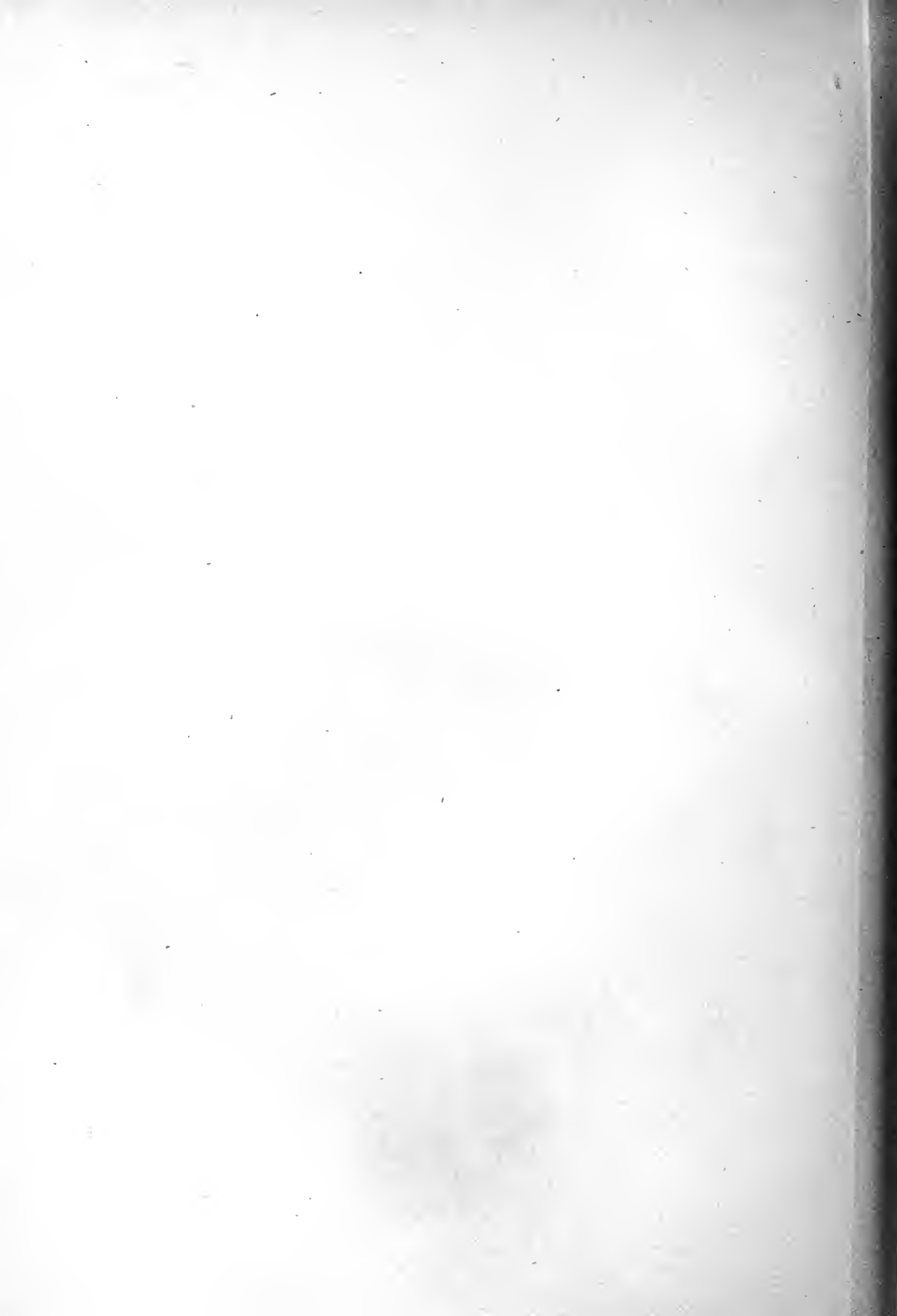














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